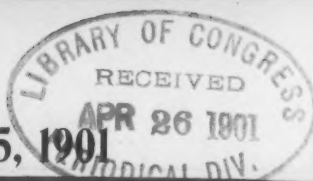


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St. Louis, Thursday, April 25, 1901



Price Five Cents

THE MIRROR

A
WEEKLY
JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE
INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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The Mirror.

VOL. 11—No. 11

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1901.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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SONNETS TO A WIFE.

THE remarkable sonnet-sequence, by Ernest McGaffey, entitled as above, that appeared serially in the MIRROR, the latter part of last year, is being put into book form by the MIRROR press, in response to a public demand that this be done. These "Sonnetts To a Wife" constitute the most delicious, delicate, gentle, tender body of verse in sonnet form since the publication of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "House of Life." They express the tranquil yet deep passion of marital love. They are marked by a singularly happy fancy, and moreover they are unique in that the subjective is not exclusively dominant in their depiction of sentiment. The sonnets are filled with an appreciation of the moods and aspects of nature that interpret, and are subtly interpreted by, the affection between the poet and the lady of his heart and his songs. This poet's utterance is clear, direct, sane. There are no torturings of consciousness to discover new phases of affection and no torturings

of language to contrive new phrases for dear old phases. The poet sings a "simple, wood-note wild," and yet the careful reader of the sonnets will find in their scrupulous inornateness and economy of expression quite as much psychology, quite as much of the spirit of the age, as in most latter-day poetry that chiefly professes to have escaped from the task of portraying the sweet, healthy relations of ordinary men and women. The "Sonnetts To a Wife" will be read as long as there remains in the world a man who loves his own wife,—and there are still a few of these, notwithstanding apparent evidence to the contrary in the note of most of the more sedulously strained literature of the day.

It is the intention of the proprietor of the MIRROR that the "Sonnetts To a Wife" shall appear about the middle of May, but, should the volume not appear on time, it will be due simply to the fact that no effort is being spared to make the publication materially worthy of the quality of the contents. The volume will be marked by a neat simplicity of form and binding. It will be sold to the public at \$1.25 net. Orders sent to the editor and proprietor of the MIRROR now will be duly filed and will be filled in the order of their receipt. The orders that have been received since announcement was made of the forthcoming publication already number over four hundred, which is phenomenal in the case of a volume of poetry by an American writer.

THE GREATEST WOMAN POET.

THE April issue of THE MIRROR PAMPHLET is devoted to an essay entitled, "THE GREATEST WOMAN POET," the reference being, of course, to Sappho, of Mitylene. The little essay pretends to be nothing more than a resume of what is known of the personality of this poet, beloved and echoed by all other great poets, and aims otherwise only to convey an intimation of the quality of her literary work, of which but a few scattered fragments remain to us.

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are issued monthly. The subscription for twelve numbers is 50 cents. They are sold at this office, or by any branch of the American News Company, at 5 cents per copy.

FRA ELBERTUS.

THE followers of the cult of Fra Elbertus, the readers of the *Philistine*, the many readers of "Little Journeys" and the Roycroft books in this city will forthwith rejoice. For the Great Man is to be here. He will appear at Memorial Hall, Museum of Fine Arts, on Wednesday evening, May 15th, at eight o'clock. His subject will be "Roycroft Ideals," and seats, at \$1 each, are to be obtained at Philip Roeder's book store, 307 North Fourth street. Mr. Hubbard has been here once before, but the lecture he will deliver on this visit is entirely new. He is the only man in this country to-day, outside of the leaders of political parties, who has a philosophy of things to inculcate, and his is a cheerful philosophy, inculcated with wit, humor, common-sense and serene eloquence. His personality is unique—that of a Yankee Tolstoi—and his forms of expression are as unique as his ideas. His utterances will be as interesting to those who are fundamentally opposed to his principles as to those who believe he is the prophet of "a new heaven and a new earth."

REFLECTIONS.

Consuelo

AND so the Marlborough-Vanderbilt alliance is said to have come to a sorry termination, just as we all were beginning to believe that this was one case in which an American heiress had found affection an accompaniment of a title. The Duke seemed to be rather more of a gentleman than we usually deem the titled foreigner who marries an American heiress to be. He appeared to be inclined to behave himself and show regard for the decencies. He was not, so far as we knew, solely out for the coin his wife brought him. We were all the better pleased with this because the Duchess seemed such a thoroughbred. She carried herself well in her new position and never made herself ridiculous by her pretensions. She rather insisted upon her Americanism and was never the ignored influence in the alliance. Her husband did not seem to try to make a fool of her and she gave every indication that any such attempt on his part would be a failure. The situation was one which rather inclined us to believe that the marriage was one which overthrew all precedent in the union of new wealth with old and rickety gentility. Now these rumors. The pair that seemed to hit it off so well together are reported to be on the verge of dissolving partnership. No explanation is vouchsafed us, other than a rumor that the differences have arisen over money. This means that the American girl has retained her good sense in retaining her hold upon her money. We are all glad if she has refused to be pauperized by her Duke, and has retained her natural American gumption. As between Marlborough and the Lady Consuelo we are with the lady. She is a decidedly good sort and we are sorry if whatever dreams she may have had are shattered. But underneath our regret there is just a little gleam of satisfaction that, at the worst, her experience, as, presumably, the happiest of our expatriated heiresses, may operate to deter other American girls from alliances with the foreign nobility. Marlborough seemed "the best of the bunch" of noblemen who have captured our golden girls and if it be shown that even he was a bad bargain, perhaps other American girls will take warning and marry young men of their own Nation. Of course in discussing a matter of this sort one is depending altogether upon information filtered through the yellow journals, and there is danger that we may be doing some one an injustice. It may be that the separation is not final or that there has been nothing more than a "spat" between the principals in the case, but in any event we all believe that the Duchess Consuelo will come out of the muddle of rumor and innuendo without any diminution of dignity or grace in the general American impression of her. Consuelo is, in a modified way, popular in this country because she has never been overcome by her prominence as the wife of a Duke, and if she has to give up her "exalted position," we all feel sure that she does so for reasons that are honorable to her character and approved by sound sense. In any event the rumor of her troubles has its value, as said before, in that it warns American fathers, mothers and daughters of wealth, that even the best of the foreign noblemen is likely to be piqued if the American wife he takes unto himself refuses to give up to him her American dollars, that the decentest of the crowd think rather more of the money than of the wife who owns it. We may not particularly like the enormously moneyed folk who seek foreign husbands for their daughters, but, after all, we like the American heiress to have the proper spunk and to stand up for her own and not to be so silly as to submit to the waste of her fortune in "noble" follies. Count Castellane was brought up short in his attempt to dissipate Anna Gould's funds. It is well if Marlborough has been brought to his

senses by the stand taken by his wife. One or both of these ladies may have made a mistake, but that matters not. They are still American girls and the very worst we wish them is the best of their bargain. So, here's to Consuelo, and may she hold her husband, if she wants him, and keep her cash with or without a ducal incumbrance.



Dickery-Dockery

GOVERNOR DOCKERY is a pretty "slick" sort of proposition in his way. The trouble is that he is too "slick." He vetoed the school teachers' annuity bill because the \$100,000 appropriation was, in his opinion, a turning over of public money to private uses, but he should, on the same lines, advocate the repeal of police and firemen's pension laws, as both those branches of the public service have funds fed from public revenues. The policemen and the firemen vote. The teachers do not. Next Dickery-Dockery vetoes the compulsory education bill because it is State Paternalism. How very remarkable! Doesn't the State paternalize over St. Louis in its Police Board mortgage on the City Treasury and in the absolute stifling of local authority in the matter of local elections? State Paternalism in sooth! What of the Coal Oil Inspectorship, the Beer Inspectorship the Whiskey Inspectorship—all State Paternalism institutions designed to extract graft chiefly from the city of St. Louis and that graft to go chiefly into the purses of State Democratic politicians? Dickery-Dockery was right in vetoing the compulsory education bill, but his reasons are absurd in the light of the things abhorrent to those reasons which he tolerates and approves. If Dickery-Dockery is opposed to State Paternalism why does he connive at the throttling of Home Rule in St. Louis? If Dickery-Dockery doesn't believe in State interference between parents and children, how can he believe in State interference with business? If Dickery-Dockery doesn't believe that the public money should be diverted to private uses, how does he believe in the deflection of certain fees and fines to the police or firemen's pension fund? Dickery-Dockery signs a whiskey tax and inspection law that drives the wholesale whiskey dealers of this city to East St. Louis. That law put a tax on whiskey, wine and gin sold in this State. The dealers move across the river and send in the whiskey, wine and gin and they don't pay a cent of the tax. The dealers in others States can sell liquor in this State at a lower figure than the man who has been in business here all his life. The State discourages its own citizens in that line of business. True, it is not a very nice business, according to most people, but there is no reason why the State should favor persons in that business outside the State. The State will lose the large tax it counts upon from this law. And in addition it will have to pay the salaries of the staff appointed to inspect the liquor and collect the uncollectable tax. Dickery-Dockery, furthermore, takes another "smash" at St. Louis in vetoing the \$40,000 appropriation for the St. Louis Insane Asylum. A simple statement of the situation as regards the St. Louis Insane Asylum, taken from a recent issue of the *St. Louis Chronicle*, is enough to show that Dickery-Dockery takes a fiercely bucolic, and even a pin-headed, view of the matter in question. The *Chronicle* puts the situation tersely, thus: "Appropriations for the support of insane persons confined in the St. Louis Asylum, not residents of St. Louis, have been made and approved by every Legislature and Governor since the separation of the city and county of St. Louis. Legislators have recognized the fact that St. Louis has been made a dumping-ground for the feeble-minded of many counties, both in and out of the State. It is cheaper to buy a ticket for an insane person to St. Louis than to pay the fixed charges for maintenance in the various State institutions. The St. Louis Insane Asylum has far more than its proportion of the insane and feeble-minded of the State, and the appropriation made for its aid, while in the nature of a gratuity, strictly speaking, is, nevertheless, but a fair recognition of the service the local institution is rendering to the unfortunates who find their place of refuge within its walls." If the State of Missouri continued the \$40,000 appropriation to the St. Louis Asylum annually for a decade it would not

come anywhere near paying for this city's services to the State in the past twenty-five years in taking care of the pauper and insane from all sections of the Commonwealth. Dickery-Dockery is playing for a Senatorship. In order to make his "play" good in the country, he must take a rap at St. Louis every time he has a chance. He must defeat the desire of the teachers to found a fund. He must throw the harpoon into the wholesale whiskey dealers. He must cripple the city's eleemosynary institutions after they have served the State so long and well. All these things he does with a specious, sophistic reasoning that may go down with the ruralists, but the result in St. Louis must be to show the people here that there are no such things as "beneficial consequences" to flow from the political harmonization of the city and the State. Dickery-Dockery is a deucedly clever man, and a wily, winking politician, but his cleverness and willness are too utterly utter, and the public of both city and State is rapidly "catching on to him" as a fellow who is playing the people for suckers and exclusively dealing for his own political hand.



Tillman and the South

LAUGHABLE indeed it is to observe Pitchfork Tillman standing up for the traditions of the South. Tillman represents about everything that is opposed to the best traditions of the South. Tillman is the incarnation of the "poor white trash." He is the representative of opposition to everything in the old South that stood for refinement and for high ideals. He stands to-day opposed to everything that will make the South great. He is opposed to the South coming back into the Union. He wants the South to remain "unreconstructed," as to contemporary issues, just as old Bob Toombs remained unreconciled to the results of the War of the Rebellion. Tillman is opposed to everything that tends to take the Democracy of the South out of the hands of political tricksters and demagogues who have justified their own existence by saying that they are, at worst, a lesser evil than negro domination. Tillman is a Senatorial Ku-kluxer—nothing else. He denounces Senator McLaurin for official acts that, so far as one man's acts can do so, put the South in line and in touch with the influences which are to make a new South. Tillman opposes the business spirit of the time which alone can revive Southern spirit and Southern greatness. Tillman objects to any such thing as a recognition of the fact that a policy may possibly be right and, at the same time, Republican, or that a Democrat may accept a fact accomplished even after having put forth his best efforts to prevent the accomplishment. Tillman fights against a rational adjustability of men to conditions, and poses as the advocate of liberty for brown men in the Far East while oppressing the black man in the Southern States. Senator McLaurin, whom Tillman denounces, represents the people who are tired of the blathering demagogues that have kept the section from progressing. Tillman wants to disfranchise the negro and, at the same time, dominate the element that has suffered most from the negro issue. Tillman stands for the rule of the ignorant rather than for the rule of those who are still Democrats, but desire the party to be brought back to Democratic principles. The business interests of the South are tired of the rule of politicians who always play politics and never care for business interests except as objects of attack to solidify themselves with the mob. The trouble with the South has been too much politics. The politicians have lived on the fat of the land, but their policies have interfered with business development. Southern politicians of the baser sort, like Tillman, are fearful now that business will come to the front. Therefore, they begin the attack upon business in the quarter where business has not had a chance to develop the evils they denounce. They favor the policies that oppose aspiration of the South for prosperity. They disfranchise the negro and, practically, force him back to slavery, when, if any one thing in history be true, it is that slavery was materially good for the negro and bad for the Southern whites. As between Tillman and McLaurin it is safe to assert that the best intelligence of the South, by which is meant the intelligence that is concerned with other things than getting and holding office under

State or Nation, is in sympathy with McLaurin. The people who will develop the South; the people who will open the mines and start the mills and build the railroads and provide work for the idle; the people who are grieved that men like Tillman have been pushed into prominence by machines and ballot-stuffing; the people who realize that ignorant blatherskiting, such as Tillman's, retards Southern progress by frightening capital and enslaving labor—these people are growing more numerous every day. They sympathize with Senator McLaurin. They see that Tillman's outburst is a play to hold together the old Southern machines that ruled the section solely through the cry that they had to be supported, or else the blacks would rule. The machines have disfranchised the blacks. The blacks can't rule. Therefore, the decent Democrats are organizing against the machines. The solid South is melting away. Pitchfork tunes, like Tillman's, hasten the melting. The business South has no use for demagogues, and the more the demagogues splutter the less use will the business South have for them.



Crucial Instances

IN a world of short stories pouring from the presses of the country, in a wilderness of fatiguing wordiness, the reader of to-day comes now and then upon something in the short-story way that makes him lift up his heart. And such a discovery one makes in the collection of short stories published in a volume called "Crucial Instances," by the Scribners. Here are stories that are good as stories, but touched with a higher quality of pleasureableness by the art of the teller thereof. Here we find a witchery of words that is positively fascinating. The sentences are arranged as values in a painting. The analytical style is so perfect that the effects produced are even more distinct than they could be if they were set down with the frankness of Kipling. The happiness of phrase, the impression that this writer has always sought for the sufficient word, the exact shade of thought to be expressed, the restrained fluidity and, again, the rich asceticism of style, are factors in the pleasantness of these stories that must rejoice all who have observed the short-story ceasing to be anything like literature. Edith Wharton, the author, has been called a feminine Henry James, and the designation is not inexact, but her style has more plasticity than James'. Her writing is at the high-water mark of finish, but the heart in the writing is not refined away. Whether the thing to be depicted is tragic, or pathetic, or humorous, or terrible, the end is attained without any effort, and yet as you wonder at the effect, you are charmed by the meticulous clarity of the workmanship. The style is "precious" to a degree, but it is a preciousness that is exercised with as clear an idea of being kept in control as with a keen delight in the mere mechanism of sentence-evolution. The writing is a style, not an affectation. It is as graceful as handsome skating or as fine swimming. The work is artistic at every point and the total result is a remarkable vividness of impress of the scenes, incidents and emotions depicted. The stories have a rare subtlety and when they go into character-drawing, they reveal a grasp of the essentials of personality that would be merciless in its truth but is tempered with tolerance. The story called "The Angel at the Grave," is a bit of New England life, which is almost fiercely cynical in its estimate of the Concord School myth, but is, nevertheless, saved from bitterness by the sympathy with which the little drama is wrought to a close. In "The Recovery," we have a study of a man's awakening from self-satisfaction to the profoundest appreciation of his defects and his unwilling fraudulency, that seizes on anyone who has ever essayed introspection in a real effort to know himself. "The Rembrandt" is a piece of as delightful high-toned humor as was ever penned, while in the field of the *outré* and morbid, it is doubtful if anything better than "The Moving Finger Writes," has been written in many years. These stories have every distinction that a short story should have. They are written with the joy of the writing in every line of them. They reveal Edith Wharton as possessing an artistic power even greater than was dis-

played in her earlier books, "The Greater Inclination" and "The Touchstone." She is a fine reproach to all the shipshod, sloppy crew of scribblers who manipulate words as one might play the piano with hands encased in boxing-gloves.



Aggie and The Noise

A YOUNG man came into the MIRROR office Monday, saw the editor and said: "Aguinaldo has stopped running: the Noise from Nebraska hasn't." Then the young man left. No wonder we acquire a reputation for brilliancy.



Money Mad

NOWHERE in the world, at any time, has there been a more egregious display of money-madness than in the Texas oil district. The corporation-haters are organizing corporations at the rate of a score a day and the papers are full of suspicious advertising matter inviting the world to send its money to Texas for stock in wells not yet bored in areas not yet surveyed. If you have money you had better keep it. There is no more security in sending money to a man you don't know in Texas than in sending it to the same sort of man in the East. If you want to gamble don't do so at long range. Get near the dealer. There is a percentage of fake in the exploitation of the Texas oil fields. Not that there isn't oil there, but simply that the people who have such good things as they offer to "let you in on" would not make any such offer if they had any such good things. The Standard Oil Company is pretty well in on all the good things in the Texas oil fields, and many of the new companies are only disguises of the Octopus. Be careful about dabbling in oil. There will be a boom in which as many people will go broke as will make a pile. Already there are threatened complications that may freeze out the small holder of oil property. It is claimed that the oil fields are mineral lands and, under the Texas Constitution, mineral lands belong to the State schools. It is threatened that the State will claim all the oil land and all the revenue therefrom. This will necessarily cloud titles in the region where the gushers are gushing or expected to gush, and the man who cannot afford to lose money should not venture into it freely, under the circumstances. It may be that the Standard Oil company has sprung this mineral land claim in order to get in its hooks more deeply, but in any case there is no more reason why men should risk their all in Texas than that they should do so against the stock-game in Wall street. The experiences of the disillusioned many who broke for the Klondike three or four years ago should be borne in mind when you are reading the advertising bait sent out in papers or letters by the suddenly formed corporations of Texas. The spirit of adventure is all right in its way and place. The MIRROR would not willingly divert a dollar from investment in any honest enterprise in Texas or elsewhere. It only advises the recipient of alluring circulars and marked advertisements in newspapers to remember that most of the new companies are going on guess work and that their promises are specious and misleading. The good things are not going to get away so readily from the men on the spot. If you want to invest it in oil properties go to some reputable broker and ask for his judgment about the advertisements that catch your fancy.



A Library Site

THE proposition to take the Exposition grounds for a site for the Carnegie Free Public Library, is now dead. The Lucas heirs, who gave the old Missouri Park to the city, will not again turn the ground over to any other purpose than the Exposition. There must be found a site for the Library. The Public Library Board has a site partly paid for on Seventeenth and Olive streets. There is still owing upon this site about \$400,000. If the Lucas heirs will not surrender the Exposition site to a library, and have the name of Carnegie obliterate the remembrance of the Lucas gift, and if the Public Library Board cannot pay what it owes upon the site at Seventeenth street, what better can St. Louis do than raise the necessary

\$400,000, take the site, then take Mr. Carnegie's money and erect the Library Building on the eminence at the junction of the streets named? If there are not forty men in St. Louis who would give \$10,000 each to wipe out the debt upon the Seventeenth Street site, surely there must be four hundred men who would give \$1,000 for that purpose. Mr. Carnegie gives a million conditioned on the providing of sites worth another million, to say nothing of the contingency of maintenance. The MIRROR, after the manner of Mr. Carnegie, will give \$1,000 towards a fund for clearing the title to the Seventeenth street site, provided three hundred and ninety-nine other institutions, firms, corporations, or individuals, will give a like amount for that purpose. The people who are so ready to give away the money of other people for the Public Library should show a disposition to give up some money of their own. If some of the "great" dailies that have been making such a pother over the Library site, and some of the wealthy gentlemen who have been calling on poorer folk to give up their Exposition stock will do as well towards the removal of the \$400,000 indebtedness on the Seventeenth street site, as the MIRROR agrees to do, and in proportion to their pretensions and their valuation, as compared with those of the MIRROR, we shall have a free, unincumbered Public Library site inside of ninety days.



The Golden Rule

A CO-OPERATIVE colony has been established in the very heart of New York City. The members number not more than a dozen persons and these persons live in perfect harmony in a house on Sixth avenue, one man making the beds, another scrubbing the floors and dusting the furniture, washing the dishes, or sewing on buttons that have broken from their moorings. To bring in the needful funds, the colony runs a small printing-office and a bakery, the flour and meal for the latter being supplied by an old Quaker miller in Old Mystic, Conn. From the printing-office is issued a little weekly, *The Straight Edge*, whose object is "the application of the teachings of Jesus to business and society." This little weekly is written in wonderfully forceful, "meaty" English. The colony has prospered so well during the last two years of its existence that it is about to start a branch settlement on Staten Island, where it has leased twenty acres of land and some farm buildings, and where the members will manufacture wooden novelties and raise "garden truck" for a vegetarian restaurant which they intend to start on Sixth avenue. The constitution of the organization is simply "the Golden Rule." The by-laws are altruistic excerpts from the teachings of Christ. Anybody can join who is willing to work for the cause and at the same time willing to regulate his every action by a strict interpretation of the Golden Rule, the second by-law representing perhaps the highest note of the institution's purpose, thus: "In honor preferring one another." In other words trying to do a little better than is called for by "the Golden Rule." These people don't want professional joiners. They will accept anybody and the only condition of membership is that the person uniting with them shall do as he would be done by. He is thus made to pass judgment on his own fitness rather than upon that of others for the association. The little colony has been in operation for some time, but only recently have the yellow papers taken it up and exploited it. It is characteristic of the community that the man whom the newspapers have brought to the front, Mr. Wilbur F. Copeland, should apologize to his fellows for his conspicuousness, saying it was not his fault, but due to the silly idea of the press that there has to be one ruling spirit in every such movement. "The Golden Rule" as a constitution for a community will be generally approved, but the efficacy of the Rule has been doubted. In the recent clash in the MIRROR over the value of the life and labors of Thomas Huxley it was at least made plain that Huxley had grave doubts as to whether the rule was a true one, and expressed those doubts most forcibly in his "Evolution and Ethics." Huxley says of the Rule that "however much one may admire the generosity of such a rule of conduct; however confident one may be that the

average man may be thoroughly depended upon not to carry it out in its full logical consequences; it is nevertheless desirable to recognize the fact that these consequences are incompatible with the existence of a civil state, under any circumstances of this world which have obtained, or, so far as one can see, are likely to come to pass." This would seem to be a prophecy, by eminent authority, of the doom of the colony so effectively exploited of late. Huxley goes on to reason out the defect which, he thinks, lurks in the adjuration "Do as you would be done by." And this is how he does it: "Strictly observed, the 'Golden Rule' involves the negation of law by the refusal to put it in motion against law-breakers; and, as regards the external relations of a polity, it is the refusal to continue the struggle for existence. It can be obeyed, even partially, only under the protection of a society which repudiates it. Without such shelter the followers of the 'Golden Rule' may indulge in hopes of heaven, but they must reckon with the certainty that other people will be masters of the earth. What would become of the garden if the gardener treated all the weeds and slugs and birds and trespassers as he would like to be treated, if he were in their place?" This doctrine of Huxley reduces to a delicious absurdity the doctrine of non-resistance of Tolstoi, which so many unthinking people of to-day deem to be so beautiful. In a practical world there is no denying that Huxley's dictum is, if not a statement of abstract truth, an assertion of cold fact. Still we cannot deny that those who can believe in the practicability of applying the Golden Rule to the affairs of life are to be envied rather than despised for their illusion.



A Good Beginning

UNLESS the MIRROR is mightily mistaken the present Administration of St. Louis is going to win world-wide reputation for fulfilment in office of its ante-election pledges of good government and reform. The bosses are being turned down, right, left and center. A Democratic President of the Council gives important chairmanships in that body to Republican members because they are capable and honest. The remission of fines against the proteges of pot-house politicians is stopped. Nuisances on the streets, existing under Mayoralty permits for years, are being abated. The police force is to do the inspecting of the street sweeping, street sprinkling and garbage collection. A teacher of a Chinese Sunday School is made private secretary to the Mayor. The newly elected Democrats in the important offices retain the Republicans that are of demonstrated efficiency. The Mayor meets expressed doubt of his election by a proposal to have the ballot-boxes opened and a thorough investigation made, and he does so in the teeth of the political bosses who claim to have done fine work for him. All the other recently elected Democrats are looking for places to reduce expenses. Everything done at the City Hall is done in the open and the man with a pull looks like anybody else to the new officials. It is needless to say that this state of affairs is extremely gratifying to the people, or that if it be continued the day of the new St. Louis is here. It is not to be expected that the new Administration will not make mistakes. It is not to be expected that we shall have all the reforms we all want, right away. It is not to be expected especially that the men of the party who did the hard campaigning for the newly installed officials will be ignored. We must expect Democrats to be rewarded, but we may be sure that they will be decent Democrats and capable men for the places to which they are to be appointed. The Administration has made a good beginning in the matter of reformation of conditions at the City Hall, and although there are troubles ahead it is pleasant to say that the boodle element is at a great disadvantage. The Mayor, the Council and the President of the Council are anti-boodle and the combination is one that is hard to beat, in view of the fact that the Mayor has the last hand at all legislation and, the Council being with him, his veto cannot be overruled, and boodle goods, therefore, cannot be delivered to the buyers. St. Louis affairs are going to be administered on the square, and in that re-

spect the city is going to be unique among the great municipalities of the country.

The Plight of England

Now that Sir Michael Hicks Beach has set forth the desperate plight of Great Britain, not only in a financial, but in a military and naval way, it is in order for every Britisher to sit him down and read again Mr. Kipling's "Recessional." The revelations of the budget have been a fearful awakening for a nation that was drunk with power. Disguise the situation as English statesmen may, Great Britain is almost on the verge of ruin. It is fortunate indeed for her, that her colonies are more loyal than any the world ever saw, else the days of Britannia's ruling the wave were over. There is nothing to save the country now, but the colonies. The free trader nation talks of high protection. Not only of protection but of a six per cent. tax on incomes. The natives of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales could not stand any such drain for any length of time. England is more frightened to-day than it was when "Boney's" name was used to quite babies along the coast, or when the people heard vague rumors of the coming of Philip's mighty Armada. The nation was warned in time. Scientists, statisticians, statesmen have foretold the situation which now is, and Kipling, the poet, put it all in "Recessional," but Cecil Rhodes went ahead with his plans in South Africa, and brought on the Transvaal war, and the Transvaal war brought on the Chinese crisis, remotely, and now the greatest Power faces a condition that threatens colossal disaster. And worst of all is the suspicion that Cecil Rhodes, too, foresaw it all and forced the events with an ultimate view of founding a new nation in South Africa, as Mr. W. T. Stauder prophesied was the intention of "the Colossus," more than six years ago. It will take all the genius of statecraft possessed by Great Britain and her colonies to extricate the empire from its vast difficulties. Great Britain looks around for the one genius. He is not now visible. Salisbury is old and not sure of anything. Roseberry is a doubter of all things, including himself. Chamberlain has lost his jaunty cock-sureness. Balfour feels his foundations of belief trembling beneath him. Campbell-Bannerman flounders in indecision. Sir Charles Dilke is not yet rehabilitated in popular esteem. Great Britain looks for a Man. It even looks to its King, but it turns sadly away. Now the British see the seriousness in the query at which they laughed a few months ago, and the question is again on every lip the world over—"Is England a dying nation?" She is, unless she can find the man who will be able to turn disaster into triumph. The man, when found, will have to look to the United States for the means to that end. Here Great Britain must come for the money that is, more than all things else, needful. But after the money surely Great Britain needs to forget the ribald horrors of Mafeking night, the wild orgies that greeted the return of the London Volunteers, the crazy patriotism of the music halls. She needs to remember all the things of which the uncrowned Laureate, a few years since, reminded her, lest she forget.

Pierpont Morgan, Revolutionist

PIERPONT MORGAN, now negotiating the British loan, has been received in London with almost royal honors. A great many of our radical orators and editors point to the great prominence of Morgan as proof of universal worship of wealth. Morgan does not represent wealth. He represents brains, the brains that know how to utilize wealth. Morgan simply has a genius for organizing money as Napoleon had for organizing armies, as Metternich had for organizing intrigue. Morgan handles the money of other people, more than his own. Morgan makes money more powerful of course, but in doing so it is not improbable that thus far his organizing ability has fended off disaster in many departments of business. Money earns less of itself as the years go by. It used to command six and eight per cent. Now it does well if it commands five, and the tendency is lower. As a result of this state of affairs the only way to make money useful is to gather it together in large

sums. Thus it can be used in production and in public service more effectively than in small quantities at low earning capacity. Morgan strengthens money by capitalizing economies, by combining privileges, by consolidating the good-will of many properties. The intangible values are the water in his great Trust stocks. The water in the great corporations is simply the value of public patronage—at least that is the only logical explanation of what is called over-capitalization. Franchises, privileges, good-will having such definite value in combinations, those things must surely be taxed. They are wealth, and their possessors have fixed their value. Morgan is doing more to further the cause of franchise taxation than any man in this country. His vast scheme of commercial collectivism continues to become more and more centralized. As this centralization proceeds, unless there shall come a mighty crash, there must be made apparent the issue whether the centralized and collectivized industries shall be greater than government or made a part of it. Pierpont Morgan is the greatest living Socialist. And if Socialism be a wrong ideal, the end of Morgan's efforts will surely demonstrate that fact. Morgan is getting the wealth concentrated in such shape that the people who claim to own the wealth can easily get at it. Morgan is bringing the Socialistic theories out of the realms of the academic and the phantasmagoric into the domain of the practical. He is doing this according to the forms of law. He is supposed to represent incarnate Wealth when in fact he is only Mind, working out a system that grows logically out of the social and economic systems of the past. Morgan is a greater revolutionist than Tolstoi, than Kropotkin, because he is doing things, not saying things. He is solidifying *bourgeoisie* and proletarians. He is increasing wealth's strength but not more so than he is increasing its vulnerability. "Community of interest" is a cry that the people will adopt from the vocabulary of the millionaires, only it will be applied to public rather than private welfare. The world does well to watch Morgan, for he is doing a work that is certain to result in mighty social, political, economic changes all over the world.

Teachers' Salaries

A FORMAL application has been made to the St. Louis Board of Education for an increase of ten per cent. in the salaries of the teachers in the public schools. The increase should be granted as soon as possible. St. Louis has teachers as good as there are in the public schools of any city in the country. They are more shabbily paid than are the teachers of any great city in the country. They are so poorly paid that they cannot start a fund for the pensioning of their superannuated associates. They are working on a salary scale which they were told many years ago would be raised when the sales of certain school properties had been effected. The sales were effected long ago. The salaries have not been raised. The laborer is worthy of his hire. There is no labor harder than teaching. There is no class of public servants of more importance to the community. There is no class of public servants so poorly paid relatively to the importance of the work it does for the community. The teachers can found their annuity fund if their salaries are raised, by an assessment of one per cent. upon the salaries. The Board of Education may claim that it has other uses for its money than increasing teachers' salaries. The answer is that there is no better use for money than in the payment of a just wage to the worker for those who have the money. The teachers have a large amount of back-pay coming to them. The Board of Education cannot do better than place the salaries of St. Louis teachers on a plane with the salaries of teachers in other cities of the first class. Raise the teachers' salaries. They deserve it.

Fices

THE World's Fair banquet was a success. Some of the local clique succeeded in shutting out substantial subscribers to the World's Fair fund. The fices!

Uncle Fuller.

STAGE DAYS AND WAYS.

MRS. GILBERT'S REMINISCENCES.

THE peculiar interest attaching to the profession of players is one that is exhibited for no other class. Living for one-half of their lives in "the fierce light," strong as that which "beats upon a throne" they are naturally the objects of a curious regard that is perhaps akin to hero-worship. Occasionally this curiosity takes the form of an inquisition into the morals of mimes, and those good people who constitute themselves judge and jury are always more severe in their judgment of actors than they would be of other people—though there is no reason why they should be. At all events the regard or interest is sincere and genuine, extending even to those who seldom or never attend the theater. So when actors of note kindly lift the curtain that "discovers" the personal melodrama, "the story of their lives from year to year," the recital is one of more than ordinary interest.

Such is the volume presented by Anne Hartly Gilbert, entitled "The Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert," which is edited by Charlotte M. Martin, handsomely typed and nicely illustrated. The publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, have made a very attractive book, worthy of its interesting author.

In the foreword the editor explains that Mrs. Gilbert's Reminiscences were the result of frequent requests from friends and admirers. The actress as frequently demurred, her plea being, "I've been so long before the public that everybody knows all about me. I have always said that actors, who are good for anything, give the very best of themselves to their audiences when on the stage. The private life doesn't count." Finally Mrs. Gilbert surrendered, almost tearfully, on condition that the editor "put it into shape" for her, which Miss Martin has done very well.

Mrs. Gilbert was born at Rochdale, Lancashire, England, about 82 years ago. She apologizes for being English born—"I couldn't help that, you know. All my professional career, all that I am, really, every inch of me, is American." Of course the veteran actress makes the remark in a serio-comic vein merely because in her manner of speech, style and address she is of the typical old school of English stage-folk, and a very good school it was.

Her family were strict Wesleyan (Methodists) and her first juvenile recollections were of going to "chapel" three times on Sunday. On one occasion her pious aunt asked little Anne, in church, what she was thinking of? "When I answered, 'about my dinner,' for I was very hungry, they were immensely shocked" and punished her by sending her dinnerless to bed, to teach the five-year-old "to think of more serious things"—a very fair illustration of the old style piety.

Her parents having moved to London, little Anne obtained permission from her mother to learn dancing in the ballet school of Her Majesty's (Haymarket) Theatre, on which now stand the new Carlton Hotel and Beerbohm Tree's theater. The children were taught in return for such services as they could give "going on" in the crowd. The system was a very strict one, commencing with "the first thing after getting out of bed, to practice side steps, while all our limbs were soft and warm with sleep."

Those ballet fairies of seventy years ago dressed "in clinging skirts that came down half way between knee and ankle," and she says, "we would not have stood, for a moment, the various forms of undress of to-day." So particular were the girls in that age of innocence that they refused to wear gauze in the Turkish costume of "The Corsair" and the manager had to substitute silk!

She remained a dancer in the ballet until she married G. H. Gilbert, when she was twenty-five. Together they starred in the provinces—her husband being a *maitre de ballet*—and experienced many odd things in the theatre. In Dublin, on one occasion during a performance of "Faust," something went wrong with the trap that should have let *Mephisto* down to the under world. He went half way down and stuck, and, as the curtain was rung down on the mishap, a wag in the gallery shouted: "Hurrah boys, hell's full!" and the house roared.

In 1849 Mrs. Gilbert and her husband sailed to America. They invested all their money with friends living in Wisconsin and went out to join them, and, having thus parted with all their means in the farm project of these friends,

had to go to work again. With this in view they settled in Milwaukee, which was, of course, a border town merely half a century ago. Here they earned \$8 a week each and, as living was cheap, managed very well on that modest salary. Although the property in Wisconsin turned out to be valuable, the "friends" they had trusted never returned any of the money to them.

In 1851 the Gilberts moved to Chicago and the author found "the little town of long ago" so kind to her that she loves "the big noisy place" unto this day. John B. Rice was the manager of the only Chicago theatre. People got their money's worth 50 years ago, and no mistake. "The programme began with the serious piece, a drama or tragedy, then came a dance, or 'dance with song,' and then the farce." Sometimes there were two or even three farces, and, says Mrs. Gilbert, "I have acted in all of them and danced in between!"

This was where her first appearance as an actress was made and she was put on in small roles, gradually working up into more important ones. Mrs. Gilbert early took to doing old women's parts and found it convenient, because "folks didn't seem to want new faces on old women, as they did in other parts."

From Chicago the Gilberts went to Cleveland, then to Cincinnati and Louisville and back to Cincinnati again. Her husband had met with an accident on the stage, that prevented his dancing, so he became a prompter and stage manager and, the author says, a good one. In the distribution of roles the actors of the old days had to take any that were offered them, light or heavy, and make the best of it. Naturally the rule of stock companies gave ample scope for this system, the stars playing from a repertory of drama ranging from Shakespeare to the popular farces of the day. A different play every night was the rule, also, and it was a pretty hard one on the stock people. It led to the practice of "winging the parts," as it was called, that meant, taking the book or "the lines" on the stage and memorizing them between "calls."

Mrs. Gilbert's Western experience was under the management of either Lewis Baker or John Ellsler. The latter had been an actor in the East and was acquainted with and had for personal friends such prominent stage people as William E. Burton, Mrs. Farren, J. W. Wallack (Lester's cousin) and this "Burton was always excruciatingly funny, but there was no buffoonery about it," she says of that famous comedian. While playing *Lady Creamly* to his *Sleek* she was obliged to bite her lips "till the blood came" to keep from laughing. During the short time she knew him he gave her some valuable hints relative to the "business" of her roles. Mrs. Gilbert played *Mrs. Hardcastle* to Burton's *Tony Lumpkin* and he suggested the exit in the swamp scene "just a trick of picking up her skirts" as she ran off R. U. E. Merely, a trifle but such trifles make the sum of dramatic completeness.

Of Brougham, the inimitable, the author has pleasant memories. Her first "real hit" was in playing with him in his "Pocahontas." "She played in it with him often in the West, and once, in comparatively recent years, in New York when Mr. Daly gave him a benefit, May 13, 1876, when she was in the cast with Maurice Barrymore, Georgia and John Drew, and the veteran John Brougham played *Powhatan*. Mrs. Gilbert recalls the story of the night in New York, "while the burlesque was still new, when Henrietta Hodson (his *Pocahontas*) failed to appear, and he carried on the play, giving her lines in his own character of *Powhatan*, with a prefatory 'as my daughter Poky would say.' " At the end, when it became absolutely necessary to give *John Rolfe* his bride, Brougham rushed to the wings, seized a broom and placed it in the arms of the expectant lover, with "Take her, my dear fellow."

The author accentuates the fact that old-time players were, to use a Shakespearean phrase, "for all waters." Light and heavy, tragedy and comedy, the actor took all. She speaks of playing *Lady Macbeth* with Edwin Booth in the Thane's part the same season she was the *Tuscarora Schoolmarm*. What actress of to-day, one is led to wonder, would condescend to play a tragedy queen and a low comedy part in the same week!

Of Edwin Booth she says: "He was always a great actor and a grand man. She remembers his doing *Macbeth* in a cheap "property" crown and very queer robes, but, she adds (maugre the poverty of the "props" in a day when the histrionic art was infinitely greater than that of costumier and scenic artist,) "he was a good *Macbeth*, a charming *Romeo*, strong in every part he undertook."

J. Wilkes Booth, Edwin's brother, she considers the finest *Romeo* she ever saw. "He was very handsome, lovable and lovely. He was eccentric in some ways, and he had the family failings, but he also had a simple, direct and charming nature." Although she doesn't use the term, she indicates that there was a decided telepathic connection between himself and his mother. "If he were ill, or unfit to play, he would often receive a letter of sympathy, counsel and warning, written when she could not possibly have received any news of him." Mrs. Gilbert does not believe that it was madness that caused him to enter into the plot to assassinate President Lincoln, nor "dare-deviltry." "Perhaps the devotion of a high-strung Nihilist, who believes in his cause, comes nearest to expressing" the actual sentiment that prompted the terrible act. This opinion, she says, "is just my fancy from having known the man."

The beginning of the War of Secession found Mrs. Gilbert and her husband in Louisville, and she tells of the exciting events of those days, as exciting and momentous to those who stayed at home, almost, as to those "at the front," in a picturesque style. Kentucky was kept in the Union largely through the influence of the Louisville *Journal*, but families were divided, and disputes that often ended with bullets were of common, every-day occurrence. Those were not good times for the players; salaries were cut down and in the midst of alarms the public had but little time or thought for the theatre. An amusing story is told of a prompter, a stout man arrayed in fine linen and spotless duck, dragged off, as he was about to enter the theatre, to help dig trenches, and "Oh, the sight he was at the end of a day's work under a broiling sun! There wasn't a clean thing about him."

In 1864 they went to New York, because Mr. Gilbert said "they were nearer old England then." He died two years later, and lies in Greenwood, and, "our son George lies there, too," and "another son is buried in Cincinnati." Alas, for the sad realism of the drama of life!

In New York Mrs. Gilbert joins Mrs. John Wood's company, though she has four other offers, indicating that, thirty-seven years ago, she had won name and fame on the stage. She believed Mrs. John Wood "the most absolutely funny woman I have ever seen, both on and off the stage. The fun simply bubbled up in her." While in Mrs. Wood's company she met such renowned actors as John Gilbert, William Warren, James Lewis, of whom she has kindly and appreciative memories. This is, indeed, characteristic of this book; there isn't a spiteful remark made by the octogenarian actress of one of her contemporaries, a remarkable thing when one recalls how bitterly the actors of to-day often speak of each other.

When Mrs. Wood left New York Mrs. Gilbert joined George Wood's company, and then that of Barney Williams. When "Caste" was first introduced she played the *Marchioness*, others in the cast being Mr. and Mrs. "Billy" Florence, William Davidge and Mrs. Chanfrau—all of them names to be revered. At this time also she played with the great Forrest, as *Queen* in his famous rendition of "Hamlet." She defends him from the charge of having a temper that was needlessly violent, for she declares she "never saw him angry without cause."

A good story, told at her own expense, is of how she first essayed *Meg Merrilees*. She couldn't sing but, following the advice and style of Charlotte Cushman, she made a chant. Her husband strongly disapproved, fearing a disaster. "When the orchestra slowed down for me and he realized what was coming, he turned on his heel . . . I heard him say under his breath, 'My God, she's going to try it!' . . . When I finished the fiddlers beat softly on the backs of their instruments with their bows—their form of applause—and I went back up the end and had a good cry."

From 1869 Mrs. Gilbert went with that truly great and talented actor, dramatist and manager, Augustin Daly, of whom she gives an excellent descriptive sketch, thoroughly appreciative of his great managerial capacity and his fine discriminative taste in play and players. Daly was a dramatist *con amore*, he was a manager from boyhood, and when, as a reporter on the New York *Courier*, he began writing plays, many of which were "shelved" and lost by managers, he persevered until his translation or adaptation of "Leah, the Forsaken," a once very popular piece, compelled recognition of his talents. With Mr. Daly, with but slight intermission, Mrs. Gilbert remained until his death, in 1899, when she engaged with Mr. Charles Frohman.

Of the three decades under Mr. Daly's management

the author has many pleasant pages of her "Reminiscences," replete with notes of nearly all of the people who have figured as priests and priestesses in the temple of Thespis during that long period—almost an average life-time. One can hardly open the book at any place without finding something of interest told in "Grandma" Gilbert's happy, unconventional phraseology. And the portraits are worth the price of the book, if it were otherwise valueless, which is far from being the case. Of course there are several portraits of the author, from youth to old age, and there are also Ellsler, Wallack, the Booths, Burton, Brougham, Mrs. Wood, John E. Owens, Warren, Lewis, the Worrell Sisters, Fanny Davenport, Augustin Daly, and others.

Mrs. Gilbert was honored by Mr. Daly with a birthday party in London, in 1891, her seventieth anniversary, so that she is now in her 81st year.

THE POET.

GOD is a poet: out of the Void He makes the worlds by a thought:

Out of the absolute nothing a marvel of beauty is wrought;

So the Poet utters His fiat in the darkness of the soul—

And lo, in the dawn of the morning the fields of God unroll!

John Jerome Rooney.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

CASES SHOWING THE NEED OF SETTLED REGULATIONS.

PEOPLE will hereafter think twice before going to North Dakota or elsewhere, for the purpose of obtaining a divorce within a comparatively short time, on easy terms, and for "any old" reason. The United States Supreme Court has handed down a decision, which, while not making any important changes in the general laws of divorce, will probably enforce a stricter interpretation of the statutes, especially in reference to legal domiciles. The gist of the opinion of the highest tribunal in the country was that, to clothe a divorce with binding power, and to entitle it to full faith and credit in all the States of the Union, both parties must have acquired legal residence in the State where the divorce was obtained. It is well known that the emigration of marriage-weary parties to North Dakota, for instance, was inspired, exclusively, by the facility with which divorces could be obtained there, after the plaintiff had been a resident of the state for three months. The matter had become a National scandal; the courts of North Dakota were grinding out divorces by the wholesale, sometimes on very flimsy and far-fetched grounds, and defendants in divorce suits had little opportunity to protect their rights and interests.

One of the cases under review in the United States Supreme Court had been carried up, on appeal, from the Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey. The divorce in this case had been granted to August Streitwolf, of New Brunswick, N. J., in North Dakota. The wife had left the plaintiff, it is alleged, because of cruel treatment. In 1896, he disposed of his business interests in New Brunswick and took up his residence in Mandan, N. D., the next year. He remained there eighteen months, which was more than sufficient to give him a legal standing in the courts, and also acquired a voting residence. He went into business, voted at an election, and served as an aide on the Governor's staff. In October, 1897, he obtained a decree of divorce, service being made by publication in the papers of North Dakota. After having obtained what he wanted, he returned to New Jersey in November, 1897, to enter his appearance in a suit for divorce instituted by his wife in the Court of Chancery. He promptly set up, in bar of his wife's suit, the decree obtained in North Dakota.

The New Jersey Court of Chancery did not hesitate to declare the North Dakota decree of divorce null and void, and also enjoined the husband from relying upon it in his wife's suit, or any other suit or proceeding that she might bring. Upon appeal to the Court of Errors and Appeals, that tribunal upheld the rulings of the court below, and Streitwolf then had the cause carried up to the United States Supreme Court, on the ground that the courts of New Jersey had violated section 1, article IV, of the Federal Constitution, which provides that, "full faith and credit to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings" of one State be given in every other State.

The United States Supreme Court decided that neither husband nor wife had acquired legal residence in North Dakota, and that, therefore, the decree obtained by the husband was not binding and not entitled to full faith and credit in New Jersey.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in this, and in another case, has excited a great deal of curiosity, and also anxiety, among the legal fraternity, especially among lawyers who had obtained divorces for clients under circumstances corresponding to those which attended the North Dakota case. While the court has only reaffirmed a well-known principle of law, and not promulgated any new principle, it has laid bare a long-standing abuse, which had found its origin in the laxity of divorce laws of some States, and the levity displayed by many courts in granting decrees.

The crying need of a uniform system of divorce laws throughout the country becomes more apparent every year, and it is to be hoped that a Constitutional amendment will before long be submitted to and ratified by the States, so as to enable Congress to legislate and pass a general divorce act, which will at once do away with the conflicting divorce laws of the States and give the relations between husband and wife and of family life a more satisfactory and stable foundation, protecting the interests of society as well as of children. Legislation by Congress that will make marriage more permanent and lay more emphasis on its duties and obligations is greatly to be desired.

The question of divorce has lately aroused more than usual attention, also, in Canada, where it seems to have given rise to a conflict between state and church authorities. In 1893, Mr. Delpit and Miss Cote, both Catholics, were joined in wedlock by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Unitarian minister in Montreal. After living together for several years, and having three children born to them, the husband resolved to leave his wife, for purely selfish reasons. He appealed to the church authorities, and they promptly declared the marriage void, as not having been properly entered into and performed. They even went so far as to say "that the pretended marriage of the plaintiff with the defendant, having been declared null as to the marriage tie, plaintiff has the right to demand its annulment as to its civil effects, by reason of the clandestinity resulting from the fact that it was celebrated by an incompetent officer, and not by a minister of the Catholic Church to which the parties belonged."

The plaintiff brought his case before the Civil Court, where the decision of the ecclesiastical judges was set aside, Judge Archibald saying: "The truth is that all churches in this country are mere voluntary associations, and they deal with their members by virtue of contract, either expressed or implied. In this they are not different from other voluntary associations. Persons, when they become members, bind themselves to abide by the laws of the association, and they recognize the authority of officers as provided by the laws. But there is no kind of coercive jurisdiction in any of them."

According to the decision of the Civil Court, there is no established church in Canada, and no ecclesiastical court can interfere with what has been declared legal and binding in the acts of a minister of any religious body by the laws of the State. There is no official recognition by the Government of any church in Canada; they all stand on the same level and none of them has any special privilege or prerogatives.

All right-minded people will applaud the defeat of the authorities of the Catholic church in this matter. If the ecclesiastical judgment had been upheld, it would have resulted in an unwarrantable injustice to a woman and mother. As the *Boston Transcript* says, "this case gives the impression that the ecclesiastics concerned are more interested in church authority than morality. It is such acts as these that rightly make some good persons suspicious of all control of marriages on the part of churchmen. The ecclesiastical person is too much inclined to put form in place of substance, to raise church canons above the dictates of justice and mercy."

Marriage is a civil institution, sanctioned and encouraged by the State, and should be under the exclusive supervision of the State. Interference on the part of church authorities in matters of marriage and divorce will not be tolerated in this country, and should not be. A great social question of this kind, which forms the very founda-

tion of human society should be considered and acted on in accordance with the enlightened spirit of the twentieth century. Antiquated, barbarous traditions and ideas of the middle ages should have no bearing upon it.

Francis A. Huter.

LATTER DAY LOG-ROLLING.

AN ONSLAUGHT UPON CONTEMPORARY REVIEWERS.

THE value of expert opinion has been greatly lessened by reason of the vain pretensions of alleged chemists and handwriting experts in certain *causes celebres*. The public has been so imposed upon by these pretenders to knowledge that the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!!" no longer blanches the cheek. In no department of human activity is expert opinion so untrustworthy as in that of literary criticism. Here, though, the fable of the wolf is not wholly applicable, for the keepers of our flocks greet the marauder with gestures of welcome, and books that show forth nothing but a shameless waste of paper and ink are acclaimed as the production of masters.

This vitiation of what should be a noble art is not altogether a recent growth. Balzac, in his "Illusions Perdues," bears striking testimony to its prevalence. He illustrates, as follows, the effectiveness of the press when its energies are employed in log-rolling: "A book by Monsieur de Chateaubriand on the Stuarts was relegated to the back shelves of a certain bookshop as a *rossignol*. A single article by a young man in the *Journal des Debats* sold the whole edition in a week." A *rossignol*, it is well to explain, was the fanciful term, meaning nightingale, applied by Parisian booksellers to books that did not sell—not necessarily books without merit.

Not until now, though, has this prostitution of critical gifts, this debasement of a high office unto the level of the music hall claqueur or race track tout reached such flower of perfection. A notorious instance, that recently flaunted before my eyes, deserves to be exposed, involving, as it does, the names of some of our arbiters of elegance in letters. In all the annals of log-rolling I know of no plan so cunningly contrived, so adroitly executed, so opulent in returns as this, for more than 200,000 copies of the book have been published and the author is guilty of a second offense, now blackening the pages of a leading magazine.

Some four or five years ago, one of the innumerable and least praiseworthy syndicates that farm out Sunday supplement material to the daily newspapers, was presided over by one Irving Bacheller. With an eye to his own advancement, this thrifty syndicator generously rewarded many of our popular writers for chips from their workshops. Conan Doyle, received \$800 for a 5,000-word story; Frank R. Stockton, who attempts farce and achieves dullness, and Mary E. Wilkins, who has given the word prig a new significance, were among his beneficiaries. So this writer in embryo established himself in the hearts, or pocket-books—it is all one—of those whose good opinions he hoped to trade upon. He profited by Oliver Cromwell's sage precept: "Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking." When, in the fulness of time, his guiding hand held the strings to a stageful of literary puppets, he flashed "Eben Holden" before them and they all, with one accord, did him servile obeisance.

Here are the kowtowing antics of some of these puppets: Said Mr. William Dean Howells: "A kind of life not in literature before." Said Miss Mary E. Wilkins: "A remarkable production, 'way and 'way ahead of 'David Harum.'" Said Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman: "If, in the far future, our successors wish to know what were the real life and atmosphere in which the country folk that saved this nation grew, loved, wrought, and had their being, they must go back to such true and zestful and poetic tales of fiction as 'Snow Bound' and 'Eben Holden.'" Said Margaret E. Sangster—but that is of no consequence.

Miss Wilkins' dictum is as void of sense as her tales are of humor. To say that one work is "'way ahead" of another work equally damnable, is not criticism; it is spluttering. But when a man like Mr. Stedman, to whom we justly owe a debt of gratitude for his critical essays on poetry, so beslavers with praise a third-rate novel it can be no other than a sign of decadence in criticism.

Such bellows-work may give the author a success of riches, but the breath of life must come from the writer himself. Therein lies the salvation of letters, for no

amount of puffery, however cleverly bestowed, can sustain for any length of time an inferior work. There will always be an elect few whose charge shall be to keep burning the altar fires.

The pity of it is that this insincere and mendacious criticism surely ends in debauching the public's taste, and, if the function of criticism be allowed so to fall into disuse, the tares will so effectually overrun the wheat that there will be no harvest worth the gleanings.

The reading public is like a flock of sheep following its bell-wether. Their brutish intelligences may, with time and patience, be trained to know and seek after that which is good. This is clearly proven by the delight afforded many in the romances and essays of Robert Louis Stevenson and the justly popular vogue of Kipling. With a Moses to lead them, the reading public would not always wander in the wilderness; with critics fearless and capable like Poe, who flayed alive the Winston Churchills and Irving Bachellers of his day, log-rolling would be divested of its joys and the art of writing well would not be threatened with extinction.

In all the length and breath of this land there are only two journals whose book criticisms are sane, honest, scholarly and entertaining. These two are the widely dissimilar journals, the *Nation* and *Town Topics*. Here and there may be found a weekly or a daily whose book reviews are ably and fearless written, but their influence is slight because of the unliterary character of the periodicals. But the distinctively literary journals, with the exception of the two mentioned, are avowedly the mouthpieces of publishing houses.

The need is an anti-log-rolling literary journal.

S. O. Howes.

A Note on the Foregoing

THIS onslaught upon the reviewing of to-day is not wholly unjustified, even if it does proceed to an extreme. The book singled out as a horrible example was reviewed in the MIRROR, shortly after its publication, and that review was marked by a strong note of approval. The book is a good story. It is a strongly American story. And if some eminent critics "slop over" in their reviews thereof, that fact should not damn the real good in the volume. The MIRROR maintains, too, that "David Harum" is a good book, that it draws a true picture of a real man, that it makes for kindness among men. The essayist above is right, however, in his main contention that book reviews in most periodicals are not to be depended upon. The publishers do control most of the organs of criticism. Most reviews are written from printed slips furnished by the publishers, or the slips are printed just as received. Mr. Howes' article is, in the general trend, right as to the critics, but with all recognition of there being no use in disputing about taste, it must be offered here that the novels that excite his wrath, "Eben Holden," "David Harum," "Richard Carvel," are entertaining and instructive, even if they be not literature. And, after all, even in literature, is not the verdict that stands the verdict of the many? The immortals are immortal by, practically, a popular suffrage. And while such books as are hereinabove cited are not the works of immortals, why complain that they have delighted their hundreds of thousands of readers, even if they are forgotten later. An immortal work that the people will not have is—well, it is not immortal—if you will pardon a sort of Hibernian paradox. Critics do not make immortals. They may make readers. And the making of readers makes better judges of books. It is better that people should read such books as Mr. Howes dislikes than that they should not read any books. It is better that these books should be praised for their value as entertainments than that the critics should ignore their possible, or even positive, crudities, and try to get the multitude to read masterpieces the public is not prepared to understand. From such books the people progress to better books. Reading is relative. The boy who reads dime novels is better off than the boy who won't read. He will, in all probability, graduate from "Buffalo Ben" to "Vanity Fair," in time. And the man or woman who reads "Eben Holden" or "David Harum" or "Richard Carvel," even if induced to do so by exaggerated praises from log-rollers, is very likely to rise, in time, to "Pere Goriot," or "Henry Esmond," or "David Copperfield." The critics of to-day are prone to hyperbole, but with all due respect to Mr. Howes' opinion, the editor of the MIRROR does not believe that the recent

IMPRESSIONS OF "FUNNY"

AS A WOMAN SAW AGUINALDO'S CAPTOR.

great successes have been made by books that were boomed originally by the critics. "David Harum," "Quo Vadis," "Richard Carvel," "Eben Holden," "caught on" with the public before the critics discovered them, and in most instances the critics only came upon the scene later to tell us what it was in those books that the public liked. It is the impression of the editor of the MIRROR that, at least in the case of first books, publishers do not begin advertising the book until they have found that the book has pushing qualities of its own. All the books named made a hit with the public before the advertising of them began. Not even advertising and log-rolling can run a bad book into the hundreds of thousands of circulation. The book must have something in itself to catch the public's fancy or taste or sentiment. And when the public takes to a book which you or I may not or cannot like there is no use quarreling with the verdict. And some of the immortal masterpieces are frightful bores to some of us who now and then find ourselves referring to them in terms of appreciation in accord with the ancient literary convention. A literary person, again, should not be ashamed to say he likes a book, if he like it, even if the book be not the work of another Shakespeare, Dante or Thackeray. Let the log-rollers roll. They can't make a good thing bad, nor a bad thing good. Never yet have they done so. W. M. R.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

A FRIVOLOUS FABLE.

A COUNTRY Banker's Daughter came to the city to visit her Rich Aunt. On the train she met a Gay Clubman, who made himself very agreeable to her. The train arrived an Hour Earlier than Schedule Time, and there was no one at the Depot to meet the young visitor. It was late at night, and the Banker's Daughter wondered what she would do to Kill Time while she waited for her Rich Aunt's Carriage.

"Come with me," said the Gay Clubman. "I am terribly Hungry, aren't you?"

She said she would not mind Eating Something, so he took a Cab and they drove Up Town. He took her Upstairs in a French Restaurant. She did not know it was Wrong to eat in a Private Apartment, so she accompanied him Gladly. But when she saw a Sleeping Room opening out of the Dining Room, her heart began to Thump. Even an Unsophisticated Country Banker's Daughter could surmise that Something was Brewing in the Gay Clubman's mind.

However, she concealed her Fears, and he ordered a nice Supper. He ordered Wine, and drank a Good Deal of it himself, and ate so much that he did not notice that his Companion only Touched the Glass with her Lips.

Somewhere about the Middle of the Menu the Gay Clubman moved his Chair around to the Other Side of the Table.

"Why do you do that?" asked the Banker's Daughter.

"Oh, it is Cold on that side," he answered, "I feel a Draught, don't you?"

She smiled and said, "Yes, she was quite Chilly."

A little later, he moved his Chair Closer, and tried to Kiss Her.

Though inwardly Quaking, she outwardly retained her Composure, and Flirted quite Desperately with him, in the meantime Holding him Off, and cogitating a plan to Throw Him Down.

"My Aunt will be Worried about me," she said, "but you will take me to her House, won't you?"

The Gay Clubman, feeling sure he had made a Conquest, said that of course he would see her home Safe.

"Please excuse me a minute," she said, later, accompanying her words with a charming smile, "and why not let us have Another Bottle?"

He ordered the Wine, while she left the Apartment. The Gay Clubman sat for a Long Time waiting for the Return of the Country Banker's Daughter. But she came not. She had slipped Downstairs, called a Cab and was driven to her Aunt's House, where she told a Cock and Bull Story of a Delayed Train, and Missing her Aunt's Carriage.

And she wondered whether her Late Companion was Sitting in the Restaurant yet.

Some days after she passed her Train Acquaintance in the Street. She Smiled at him, but he Cut Her Dead.

Which shows that a Country Girl may outwit a City Man, but she cannot expect to Retain his Good-Will after such a Happening.

The Garcon.

NO! certainly—one would have never foreseen in this wee, gentle, kindly, unaffected man, of sensitive fibre and effeminate face (It was unbearded then, with only what the down-Easters call a *pinling* moustache,) who was interested, in rather an impersonal, but friendly, fashion, in the individual happenings of all about him, a future hero of war-strife and strategy. But we did know of Fred Funston's Arctic explorations, and, when I tried to associate his infinitesimal hands with these exploits in Alaska, I had always to remember that the disciple of cheirosophy tells you a small hand denotes the desinger and builder of great things,—people of daring and impulse,—instead of love of excessive detail.

Along in August, of the summer preceeding our war with Spain, he was living on 57th street in a select boarding house, presided over by a widow of more than usual culture, and a former relative by marriage of Henry Ward Beecher.

Then it became known among the few of the innermost circle that "Funny"—as he was called by *Les Intimes*,—was engaged in drilling an artillery-corps in some out-of-the-way hall, with the expectation of embarking on the next Junta expedition, and the soul of a plucky little newspaper woman, a friend of the writer, was filled with desperate longing to join the same expedition, so, under an oath of secrecy, the movements of the principals, as far as known by him, were divulged to us in furtherance of her attempt to be sent out to Cuba as correspondent.

Unfortunately, the male contingent of this young woman—a reporter—being necessarily taken into the confidence, was so stirred by professional zeal that he evinced daily revolutionary ebullitions which gave us quakes of terror, so his wife was deputed to watch him day and night lest he should boil over, and when we saw unusual signs of leaking we gathered in conclave about him and threatened him with piecemeal destruction.

I may be mistaken, but I think the day came when main strength alone restrained that ardent member of the reportorial force from betraying us to his "newspaper," so rampant he became under the force of repressed "copy"—and Gen. Funston, that is, never knew how nearly that expedition came to an untimely end through his kindly efforts to help out an ambitious little woman.

At this time, too, he was contributing articles to *Harper's Weekly* and expected to forward them correspondence from Cuba. Whether he succeeded in passing any through the lines is doubtful, though he had some ingenious scheme for so doing which may not have been entirely frustrated.

I find among some yellowed archives in my possession, preserved in memory of this dauntless little man, who could risk his life by fire and ice without turning a hair, the copy of a parody directed against him in joke, which proved that he could not bear even friendly chaff or ridicule without blanching—so supersensitive was he along those lines. One night at the table, undertaking to relate some anecdote anent a watermelon, which furnished the dessert on the occasion, he was twice interrupted at the same point—"There was a man" . . . after a third fruitless attempt at which the combined pleadings of the whole table failed to induce him ever to continue the narration and the dinner was finished in a gale of laughter and fun at his expense.

Therewith the "Literary Lady" of the group perpetrated a parody, to be produced and served on Funston personally the next night, but he received it with a display of some resentment which furnished the L. L. with the reflection that "great minds sometimes expose most unexpected and unfinished recesses in their construction," though perhaps it only proved that Fred Funston's literary calibre was of a finer order than he seems to be given credit for—since I don't know anything more depressing than a poor parody!

But one of those August nights, a few of us having gathered together on the pinnacle of one of the high buildings overlooking the Hudson, we extracted from the willing narrator reminiscences of boyhood and his Alaskan adventures, related with a humorous and pathetic mingling that showed Mr. Funston to be the possessor of a sense of humor, nevertheless, and a not callous observer of humanity's foibles, as we discussed poetry, anecdote, ghosts and love, in turn. In speaking of this latter emotion a gentle melancholy pervaded his tones, as of one who had not

well defended his outposts from the arrows of Cupid, however valiant his deeds of prowess, and conjecture (pure conjecture, mind you!) pointed to the fair daughter of the widow as the possible cause of his tristful mood at that time.

(Miss May *was* fairer than any daughter of Eve who ever produced heart-palpitations, but a coquette, withal, to whom the devotion of her adorers was but a natural tribute).

There,—130 feet up from the Avenue's human stir, swinging in hammocks above all the surrounding house-tops, with only the river-craft filing in endless procession below us,—visible from our side-angle of view,—the summer moon shone as blandly on General Funston's upturned countenance as it had once before when, in the great, "White Silence," he lay, in waiting torpor that was almost surely leading to a frozen finis, (while the guide went forward, in a nearly hopeless search for relief,) returning its indifferent beams with an answering consciousness that included only thoughts of the home-folk in Kansas, who were unknowing of his desperate plight.

"I only wondered," said he, "with a sort of half-be-mumbled mentality, that seemed detached from every other thought, whether the same moon was shining down on them in their Western shelter, the while physical suffering and mental loneliness struggled for preponderance in the sum of my woes."

"And in all the long wanderings over frozen wastes, with hunger as a daily factor, one keen longing dominated above all others; a sharpened, wolfish desire to feast on tomatoes and white bread,—but especially tomatoes. Even in my cold dreams, ever recurrent to my haunted imaginings, appeared visions of ripe, red, juicy tomatoes—pressed to my lips in Tantalus' torture of unreality; and when I first awakened from these uneasy dreamings the scarlet of my dream-land tomatoes seemed to have tinged my boundless snow-plains, till I saw blood everywhere."

"No one who has not experienced it, can possibly understand this mania of an unsatisfied longing for some absurd object;—one tomato in the heart of this ice-wilderness would have realized my every ambition then."

Later he kindled into animation as he spoke of his military ambitions, that seem in a fair way to be realized now, but when he left on that Junta expedition I think none of us, looking at the intrepid, almost fragile-outlined, little figure, ever expected to see him encompass his bold planning and our thoughts were a bit tear-laden for he *was* a favorite with all who knew him.

A. Lenalie.

FANTOCHES.

BEHOLD his comrade there,
His shadow, that doth crouch
In timid, gray despair
Upon the funeral couch.

And this his playmate wind
That will not be shut out;
And we who were his fellow mimes
In all the phantom rout.

La, la, la!
To a little mocking tune,
And the white smile upon our face
And the strangeness of the moon,

With finger set to lip,
Fantastiquely arrayed,
Mutely into the room we trip
In a grotesque masquerade.

And the little wasted line
That droops his cheek along,
You shall know it for a sign
That he died of laughter's wrong.

The wind sighs in the door,
Where he lies, where he lies,
With his pallid, drooping hands
And his weary, shadowed eyes
That shall never open more—
Aie—e—e Pierrot!

Wilbur Underwood.

SNOBBERY IN MUSIC.

STRAIGHT SHOTS AT POSEURS OF MELODY.

MUSICAL snobs!—a sobriquet applicable to those who imagine that everything foreign in music should be preferred to that which is "indigenous to our own soil" who accept all the vagaries of a Richard Strauss as a matter of course and criticize all ambitious American work unreservedly; who (Americans I mean) sing before an English-speaking audience only in German, Italian and French, not because they suppose that the text will be understood by the majority of the auditors, but because it is so pleasant to have the personal triumph of understanding (?) a language that is incomprehensible to most of one's fellow-beings; this class, who flock by the thousands to hear a Paderewski, and miss a Bloomfield-Zeisler, Ganz, Friedheim, Godowski, Sherwood or von Schiller recital because "complimentaries" were not forthcoming; who pose as musicians, and, if requested, could not give an analysis of the simplest forms in music; who will listen enraptured to the string-scratching of some unripened genius from across the water and be blind to the keenly intelligent phrasing and exquisite bowing of young Leonora Jackson, or to the wonderful technical virtuosity of the veteran Listemann; with whom to have "studied with the best masters abroad" is the criterion of musical fitness, to the importance of which the individual capabilities are entirely subordinated; they who can discern the superior qualities of an artist until he commits the unpardonable error of settling amongst them, when, presto! he is discovered to be but human, hence superior gifts are unperceivable; who will tolerate the incongruities of an opera given in a foreign language (sometimes two or three together of any language but our own), with the added imposition of \$3 for a chair, and then score mercilessly the fair productions of opera in English at \$1 a chair.

These are but few of many instances of the musical snobbery which prevails to-day. I wish I could say that they are not essentially national characteristics. But several years of observation abroad compel me to acknowledge that these particular failings are rarely exhibited in Europe; or, at least, not on the Continent. Prejudices, cliques, and predilections are rife, but this peculiar "shoddyism" and snobbery, as it exists in America, is "seen but small," as the Frenchman would express it.

As to the first instance cited, I refer to those maddening beings who, after one hearing, and no analysis of a work, accept it on the surface as the apotheosis of music, because its author is a much discussed man in the musical world abroad. They are incapable of realizing that to be discussed is not to prove one's actual status in the world of art. Many much discussed people of times gone by are now unknown, or "placed." The name of Richard Strauss comes first to my mind in reference to this subject, for two or three of his works have been presented to the American public and the superficial hero-worshiper has already "accepted" him. Even a little popular work like the "Enoch Arden" music assumes gigantic proportions, composed by Mr. Strauss. With all its lyric beauty, I am morally certain that the musical snobs would barely notice it had it been written by Mr. Nevin, and there is not a line in it for which Mr. Nevin could not give an artistic equivalent, equally as original and individual. I am not assuming that there is any American who could cope with Strauss in his orchestral technique; probably no one living is his equal in this particular. But orchestral piquancy does not establish the lasting merit of any composition. A fine treatment of a fine thought will produce the element of power which convinces, though it may disturb; but mere over-elaboration of a barren thought can but accentuate its barrenness. The incongruity is made the more apparent, as when we would gaze on a woman devoid of beauty or culture bedecked in raiment elegant, artistic.

The present American composer is a pioneer, and he needs the qualities of determination and grit peculiar to his forefathers to hew down the prejudices inculcated by foreigners, and to which the American public, with sublime meekness (and in many cases snobbishness), submits. He is gradually winning the day, however, and the time will come when the musical public will demand good American music for American people, just as they are now demanding English opera for English-speaking people. Then the American composer will stop the issue of "tasteful compo-

sitions," and wipe the dust from those precious manuscripts in which his best energies and aspirations are embodied, with the comforting assurance that the publisher will not return them with the request for manuscript "more in the style of the ones previously published." At present it requires such strength, such concentration of purpose and the time for that concentration of purpose, that few have the hardihood to cope with it. It is so easy for an able man to write things of which he is ashamed, because he knows he can do better, but which the publishers cry for, as they inform him that they are not in the business for the support of high art, but for the American dollar, pure and simple. Then comes, will he permit it, mental inertia, and eventually, in many cases, artistic death. The germ was there, but it could not develop for lack of nurture.

Where is the incentive to an American composer to spend his hours of rest from teaching on a symphony, with the possibility of one production by Mr. Thomas, for the satisfaction of a few general lines of commendation by critics who consider that they are conveying a personal favor by any commentary on the work of a local composer? The critic's particular function should be, as it is in Germany, to expatiate on anything new, but the majority in America are not so daring; they write extensively of those works which have become standard, or else of those which are first produced abroad, but any extended notice of a domestic production is looked upon as advertisement—save the mark!

There are many pampered smokers who can find no virtue in a domestic cigar, but in Germany an American cigar is considered a rather fine article. So it is in music; there are men in Germany to-day—men whose opinion is of high value in the art world—who have predicted that the two future great nations in music are Russia and America. They are astonished at the undeveloped talent which besieges them from both of these countries, and acknowledge that the percentage of good average talent is greater in America than in any other country.

Should not this bode well for our future? Are we the descendants of Hottentots, or any other uncultured race, that the art germ can not be born in us? To say that we should have a national school of music, a national code, on which to string our musical pearls, is asinine. Germany developed herself largely from the Italian school, and went far beyond it; France learned from Germany and Italy; Denmark and Norway have formed themselves entirely by German guidance, and Russia shows the influence of both Germany and France very decidedly. Inasmuch as we are a composite nation, why should we have a national harmonic code, when in music all these ancestors of ours have the same broad basis, to which any little provincial characteristics are always subordinated?

The harmonic and rhythmic basis is the same in France, Germany and Italy, and what rhythmic deviations are to be found in the other countries are not used except in the lighter movements of a composition, and in any work of breadth or real dignity they are usually as out of keeping as would be "rag-time," and it will be observed the good composers are always cognizant of this fact in their really serious moments.

I think the truly American characteristics would be embodied by this: Brief, concise subjects, rather elaborately dressed, combined with nervous virility, and producing just a little of that which, to sluggish races, is termed sensationalism, for this latter is the touchstone of our whole national life and spirit, one which is well recognized abroad and would be considered the keynote for a national character in musical compositions.

The Germans, with all their predilections in favor of German music for Germans, have not treated American composers unkindly; in fact, they have been much kinder than the Americans themselves. And I will venture to assume that every American composer who has done work of more than ordinary merit, enthused by the influences surrounding him in Europe, has been inspired to the creation of his work by the sincere impression of a need, vital and pressing, viz., a national distinction in music equal to that achieved by us in painting, sculpture, poetry and mechanical invention. Strengthened by this assumption, he puts forth the best efforts of which he is capable at the time, and could he but return to his motherland to find, not sycophantic, indiscriminate flattery, but the encouragement which would inspire to still better efforts, and a genuine realization of at least the comparative value of the work at

hand, one could hope for a speedy evolution characteristic of our nation.

There is also something peculiarly snobbish in that prevalent tendency to ignore the superior gifts of local artists; of those who, preferring the security of a settled existence to the speculative uncertainties of a nomadic life, become a part of our local art-world, while lending themselves to its advancement. This trait is more noticeable among the masses than in the artists' attitude to one another, for a really good artist, sure of his own footing, never fears to acknowledge the abilities of another. But amongst the masses there is always a latent impression that any artist who is not out seeking to conquer worlds must be a mediocrity. This attitude has been so notorious regarding many great ones who have settled "in our midst" that it has provoked the most sarcastic ridicule over the lack of musical discernment displayed by the people.

This is, perhaps, a universal weakness, however, for people are fond of picturing poets, musicians and painters as living in the clouds from day to day, and close association dispels this pet illusion. It is for this reason that the artist is wise who keeps to himself and to his artist friends, who, being also gifted, but human, understand him, and he in turn responds to them. Just as the German language was once permitted to be decried as "unsingable," so is our mother tongue objected to by those who are ignorant of the possibilities in English diction, or else who have a personal object to be gained by upholding the "smoothness" of the Italian, the "piquancy" of French, or the "dramatic" qualities of the German language. In my opinion the English language is the most admirable compromise between the lightness of French and the too guttural quality of German. And I believe the time is near at hand when the English singing companies, at popular prices, will produce a much-to-be-desired result, viz., absolute failure of the foreign opera scheme, with its attendant extortionate prices and salaries, after which our best American singers willing to join the English-singing forces, and foreign singers, to "conquer new worlds," will be compelled to learn their roles in English before invading our land. We do not need them otherwise, for the short regime of successful opera in English has already bespoken great possibilities for the future; and once established, who knows but what, with this encouragement to native composers, a second "Cavalleria" may emanate from one of them. I have an impression that the American composer would find the opera a particularly congenial field, for the American has by nature the instinct for effect, dramatic situations, etc. Another good opera on popular lines, like "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Carmen," "Faust," would be welcome in any and all lands, irrespective of the composer's nationality, and it would form the basis for a wider recognition in still more ambitious realms. And with this happy fulfillment, perhaps we shall have paved the way for the ultimate extirpation of all those weaknesses and points of vulnerability which one can but characterize only too truly as Snobbery in Music.

Louis Campbell-Tipton, in the Philharmonic.

THE MASQUE OF OMAR.

A DRAMATIC VERSION OF THE RUBAIYAT.

SCENE.—Court-yard of the deserted palace of Jamshyd, canopied by that inverted bowl commonly called the sky. To right, a tavern—not deserted. To left, a potter's house. At back, the grave of Bahrām, whence a sound of snoring proceeds. A WILD ASS stamps fitfully upon it. It is four o'clock in the morning, and the "false dawn" shows in the sky. In the centre of the stage stand a LION and a LIZARD, eying each other mistrustfully.

LION—Look here, do you keep these courts, or do I?

LIZARD [resentfully]—I don't know. I believe we both keep them.

LION [sarcastically]—Do you? Then I venture to differ from you.

LIZARD—Perhaps you'd rather we took turns?

LION—Oh, no, I wouldn't. I mean to have this job to myself.

[He and the LIZARD close in mortal combat. After a gallant struggle the latter is killed, and the LION proceeds to eat him. Suddenly a shadowy form issues from back of stage.]

LION—Bahrām, by Jove! Confound that jackass. [Bolts remains of LIZARD and then bolts himself, pursued by shadowy form.]

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WILD ASS—They said I couldn't wake him. But I knew better! Hee-haw! [Exit in triumph.]

[A sound of revelry becomes noticeable from the tavern. A crowd gathers outside. The voice of OMAR, rather tipsy, is heard.]

OMAR—When all the temple—hic!—is prepared within, why nods the lousy worshiper outside?

[A cock crows and the sun rises.]

CROWD [shouting in unison]—Open then the door. You know how little while we have to stay. And, once departed, goodness only knows when we shall get back again!

OMAR [opening the door and appearing unsteadily on the threshold]—You can't come in. It's—hic—full. [Closes door again.]

CROWD—I say, what rot! [Exeunt depressed.]

NIGHTINGALE [jubilantly from tree]—Wine! wine! Red wine!

ROSE [from neighboring bush, much shocked]—My dear, you know I have always been a total abstainer.

NIGHTINGALE—So you have. But every morning brings a thousand roses. After all, you're cheap. Jamshyd and I like our liquor, and plenty of it.

ROSE [shaking her head in disapproval]—I've heard he drank deep.

NIGHTINGALE—Of course he did. You should have seen him when Hâ'im called to supper? He simply went for it!

ROSE [blushing crimson]—How dreadful!

NIGHTINGALE [contemptuously]—I dare say. But you wouldn't be so red yourself if some buried Cæsar didn't fertilize your roots. Why, even the hyacinth's past isn't altogether creditable; and as for grass, why, I could tell you things about the grass that would scare the soul out of a vegetable.

ROSE [annoyed]—I'm not a vegetable.

NIGHTINGALE—Very well, I can't stay to argue with

you. I've but a little time to flutter myself. [Exit on the wing.]

[Enter OMAR from tavern. He is by this time magnificently intoxicated, and is leaning on the arm of a fascinating SAKI. He has a jug of wine in his hand.]

OMAR [Trying to kiss her]—Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears to-day of past regrets and future fears. To-morrow! Why to-morrow I may be—

SAKI [interrupting]—I know what you're going to say. To-morrow you'll be sober. But you won't. I know you. Go home!

OMAR—Home!—hic. What do I want with home? A book of verses underneath the bough, a jug of wine, a loaf of bread—no, no bread—two jugs of wine—and thou [puts arm around her waist] beside me, singing like a bulbul. [Sings uproariously.]

For to-night we'll merry be!

For to-night—

SAKI—Fie! An old man like you!

OMAR—Old! Thank goodness I am old. When I was young I went to school and heard the sages. Didn't learn much there! They said I came like water and went like wind. Horrid, chilly Band-of-Hope sort of doctrine. I know better now. [Drinks from the jug in his hand.]

SAKI [watching him anxiously]—Take care. You'll spill it.

OMAR—Never mind. It won't be wasted. All goes to quench some poor beggar's thirst down there [points below.] Dare say he needs it—hic.

SAKI [shocked]—How can you talk so!

OMAR [growing argumentative in his cups]—I must abjure the balm of life, I must! I must give up wine for fear of—hic—. What is it I'm to fear? Gout, I suppose. Not I! [Takes another drink.]

SAKI [trying to take jug from him]—There, there, that's enough.

OMAR [fast losing coherence in his extreme intoxication]—I want to talk to you about Thee and Me. That's what I want to talk about. [Counting on his fingers.] You see there's the Thee in Me and there's the Me in Thee. That's mysticism, that is. Difficult word to say mysticism. Must light lamp and see if I can't find it. Must be somewhere about.

SAKI—You're drunk, that's what you are. Disgracefully drunk.

OMAR—Of course I'm drunk. I am to-day what I was yesterday, and to-morrow I shall not be less. Kiss me.

SAKI [boxing his ears]—I won't have it, I tell you. I'm a respectable Saki; and you're not to take liberties, or I'll leave you to find your way home alone.

OMAR [becoming maudlin]—Don't leave me, my rose, my bullfinch—I mean bulbul. You know how my road is beset with pitfalls—hic—and with gin.

SAKI [disgusted]—Plenty of gin, I know. You never can pass a public-house.

OMAR [struck with the splendor of the idea]—I say—hic!—let's fling the dust aside and naked on the air of heaven ride. It's shame not to do it! [Flings off hat, and stamps on it by way of preliminary.]

SAKI [scandalized]—If you take anything else off, I shall call the police. [Exit hurriedly.]

OMAR [terrified]—Here, Saki, come back. How am I to find my way without you? [A pause.] What's come to the girl? I only spoke—hic—meta—phorically. Difficult word to say, meta—phorically! [Longer pause.] How am I to get home? Can't go 'lone. Must wait for some one to come along. [Peers tipsily about him.] Strange, isn't it, that though lots of people go along here every day, not one returns to tell me of the road. Very strange. S'pose must sleep here. . . . S'pose— [Rolls into a ditch and falls asleep. The curtain falls.]

Punch.

ZAZA.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER'S ART.

When David Belasco manufactured the new brand of emotional actress, on view at the Olympic Theatre this week, he did his work perfectly—even though it was rough on the lady to attain art only through being dragged around the room by her lurid locks. He made an actress in the best sense that the word implies. Mrs. Carter is a truthful, graphic, vivid impersonator. And so complete and effective has been the process of manufacture, and of so high a grade are the materials used that the desirable quality of durability is the most striking feature of the work. The polish is high, but remains undimmed. There is no drying of the lachrymal glands, no lessening of control over the vocal chords, no rent in the veil that conceals the mechanism by which the automaton is worked. After two years in the corroding atmosphere of the theatricalism and artificial sentiment of stuff like "Zaza," Mrs. Carter is still able to create the illusion of reality. She is realistic—aggressively, startlingly, admirably so. Therefore she is a better actress than ever. There is no longer the impetus of novelty. Now the work must be all mechanical, and higher art is required to simulate spontaneity.

There comes a time to the mummer, after going over the same "business," the same "lines," hundreds of times, when technique takes the place of inspiration and he moves automatically, and speaks with as much feeling as a gramophone.

Then the tricks begin to show. But not so with Mrs. Carter. She has all the paraphernalia, knows every turn and twist of the business, does all the tricks but so swiftly and skillfully that her deftness first bewilders and finally convinces the auditor that the trick is genuine.

"Zaza" is strong meat. Time has not modified the high flavor. Nor has time made the piece less theatrical. But time improves Mrs. Carter. *The Lounge.*

MR. LINDSLEY'S PUPILS.

A very large audience greeted, with enthusiasm, the efforts of Mr. Guy Lindsley and his pupils at the Odeon, on Friday evening, April 19th. The programme was admirably arranged, the four short plays affording excellent opportunity for the display of both pathos and comedy. In the first offering, "Tears, Idle Tears," by Clement Scott. Frank J. Lipp, as Wilfrid Cumberland, displayed emotional power of a high order. Reeves Coghlan was very sympathetic as Mrs. Cumberland, and Alice Christensen gave a thoroughly good performance of the Old Nurse. Much interest had been aroused in regard to the second number on the programme, "A Typewriter on Trial," the author being Mr. H. B. Wandell, city editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, and the play never having been produced before. It proved a great success. Mr. Lindsley himself played Col. Legalight; Grace Benham as Kitty, the typewriter, was charming, bringing out all the light and shade of the part with exquisite finesse. "Off the Stage," by Sydney Rosenfeld, followed. A. S. McCloskey convulsed the audience as Mr. Jordan; J. Andy Baker was excruciatingly funny as Marcus Aurelius Brass, and Albert Lee Cunningham was very good as George Jordan. Catherine Niehaus gave a delightfully breezy impersonation of Helen Jordan; Emily Woods was a charmingly pert Lucy, the maid, and Lenore B. Smith was a satisfactory Clarinda Hastings. "Who's To Win Him?" concluded the entertainment, and was acted with admirable spirit and finish by Anna Bantz, Catherine Niehaus, Alice Christensen, Emily Woods, Reeves Coghlan, W. E. Blackshaw, Albert Lee Cunningham, and Frank J. Lipp. The violin and piano solos between the acts, by Signor Guido Parisi and Mr. Charles Kunkel, delighted every one.

AT THE CAVE.

The title page of the New York *Dramatic Mirror* of April 20th is taken up with half-tone pictures of the newly-furnished Uhrig's Cave and of Miss Berri, the prima donna of the company to appear at the Cave this season. The paper has also the following paragraphs about the Cave and its attractions for this summer season:

"The twenty-eighth season of summer opera at Uhrig's Cave, St. Louis, will open Sunday evening, June 2, with the Maud Lillian Berri Opera Company as the attraction. The Cave is an historic amusement enterprise. It has many imitators now, but for many years it stood alone as a successful venture in the matter of presenting opera in the open air.

"Under the management of the McNeary Brothers, many singers, now celebrated, have made their appearance at this famous St. Louis resort. The people of St. Louis are loyal to the Cave, in spite of all innovations in summer amusement, such as vaudeville and minstrelsy. The elderly men and matrons of to-day went to the Cave as boys and girls, and they go there yet at least once a week, perhaps with their own boys and girls.

"At the Cave there have appeared such distinguished women as Julia Marlowe, Loie Fuller, Dorothy Morton, Della Fox, Beatrice McKenzie, Louise Eissing, Helen Bertram, Charlotte Maconda, May Baker, Clara Lane, Nina Bertini, Adelaide Norwood, Gertrude Lodge, and Maude Lillian Berri. Among the men singers have been William Broderick, William Pruette, Charles Bassett, Barron Berthald, William Mertens, Hubert Wilke, Frank Deshon, Jerome Sykes, George Denham, Ferris Hartman, Phil Branson, Alf Wheelan, Edward Webb, and others.

And now the old Cave, newly furbished, put in most attractive shape, is to make a splurge this season, in accord with the general livening and loosening up so noticeable in St. Louis since it received its \$5,000,000 from the Government, and raised \$10,000,000 more, for a World's Fair in 1903. The Cave will have the coming summer what, it is claimed, will be one of the best operatic organizations ever seen in summer opera—the Maude Lillian Berri Opera Company. Chief among its members will be Miss Berri, Frank Moulan, Walter Lawrence, William Stieger, Clinton Elder, Fanny Da Costa, Fanny Frankel, and George Hubert. Alexander Spencer will be musical director and Max Greeburg scenic artist.

"This group will present the light, tuneful works that have been identified with Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper, Frank Daniels, and others. The prospect is that Uhrig's Cave is to see again its palmy days—nay, palmier days. It will deserve repetition of its past success, for, in addition to its hold in the affections of the St. Louis people and the excellence of its company, the Cave is managed by John and Frank McNeary, who have the reputation of being two of the most generous caterers to the amusement-loving public. The press representative of the Cave will be William F. Blood, a pastmaster of the art of promoting publicity."

SIGN OF SPRING.—"Have you heard a robin yet?" "No; but I've seen a woman with her head tied up in a towel beating a carpet in the back-yard."—*Chicago Record.*

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THE EXPOSITION SITE.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

One cannot fail to admire the ingenuity with which the *Republic* beclouds the Library Site question.

The *Republic* started in to persuade the stockholders of the Exposition to give their stock to the Library Board, at the same time proposing to pay the bonds and floating debt. When its failure in this attempt became too plain to ignore, the *Republic* tried to force the stockholders to turn over their stock without compensation, on the ground that it was of no value, basing this statement on the claim that the license from the city was void. Its own proposition to pay the bondholders is a sufficient answer to this claim.

If the license is of no value, then nothing is clearer than that the bonds as well as the stock are worthless. Both the bondholders and the stockholders invested their money, relying on the good faith of the city.

Why should 1600 stockholders be deprived and defrauded of their property while the bondholders are paid in full with interest?

This whole agitation has been in the interest of no one except a few of the Lucas heirs. No one can read the papers relating to the grant of Missouri Park for the use of the Exposition Association or even the original ordinance (a copy of which I send) without seeing clearly that any attempt to

use Missouri Park by any one except the Exposition Association, must have the consent of all the heirs.

The real fight made by the *Republic* is a fight for the benefit of the Lucas heirs against the people of St. Louis and the Exposition stockholders.

How many of the heirs the *Republic* represents in this fight I do not know. That it does not represent all is absolutely certain. It is even possible that it does not represent any, but has simply been made the tool of some individual who does represent some of them. Yours very truly,

W. J. Atkinson.

St. Louis, April 22, 1901.

ST. LOUIS A CIVILIZER.

The new President of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute is Prof. A. E. Engler, and he has been summoned to that post from a position in Washington University, St. Louis. The best educators and the newest educational ideas emanate from the West these days, and it is to the credit of the East that it recognizes this fact. It is in order to say right here that the best educational institutions in the West are established in St. Louis. They are modestly managed, without any vulgar spectacularism, but they are thorough in every detail and their output of men and women has done much to civilize not only the West but the East.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's Broadway and Locust.
Mrs. John Overall is entertaining Mrs. and Miss Grey.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Pratt left last week for New York.

Mrs. Harrison Drummond is at home, after a visit to Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Pierce will leave this week for New York.

Mrs. General Boyle has for her guest Miss Elizabeth McKinley.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Marshall have returned from a Southern tour.

Mrs. J. V. S. Barrett is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Putney, of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ames were making a visit to Japan, when last heard from.

Mrs. William Eggleston has been entertaining Mrs. Bettie Willis, of Vicksburg, Miss.

Miss Susan Parker, accompanied by Miss Effie LaPelle, is visiting friends in Denver, Col.

Mrs. D. W. Marmaduke will leave this week for Ottumwa, Iowa, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Pope.

Mr. John P. Keiser and his daughter, Miss Bettie Keiser, have returned from a trip to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Veiths, of Lindell boulevard, are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Pederson, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cabanne and their daughter, Mrs. Virginia Kaiser, are at the West End Hotel.

Mrs. Jos. C. Heinz and Miss Helen Heinz, of Denver, Colo., are visiting Mrs. Edward von Harten, of 5433 Von Versen avenue.

Miss Bessie Clark, of Portland place, has for her guests, Miss Louise Kittredge of Boston, Mass., and Miss Elmes of Chicago.

Mrs. A. Deane Cooper and Mrs. Adelaide Moriarty, will complete their circumnavigation of the globe, in this city, in the early spring.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fremont Hill, of Augusta, Maine, are visiting Mrs. Hills' father, Mr. Norman J. Colman, of Delmar boulevard.

Master Robert Conroy, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Conroy, of Forest Park boulevard, will entertain about twenty of his boy friends with a "stag dinner" next Monday afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Chase have sold their Lucas avenue house and bought a country home near Carrollton, Mo. Mrs. Chase has been in Las Vegas, New Mexico, all winter with her daughter, Miss Augusta Chase.

Mrs. Sanford S. Small, of Minneapolis, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Perry Basye, of Delmar boulevard. Mrs. Small was formerly Miss Thompson, of this city. Miss Basye will go to Minneapolis with Mrs. Small.

Mrs. Huntington Smith gave a reception on Wednesday afternoon in honor of her mother, Mrs. W. D. Griswold, who will leave shortly for the East. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Griswold received together in handsome gowns. Miss Griswold also assisted in entertaining.

One of the novel functions of the spring season is a "bird view," which will be given on Saturday by Mrs. Kent Jarvis, at her country place, near Webster Groves. The ladies, after a stroll through the grounds for an appetite, will return to the house and enjoy a bird breakfast.

Mrs. Ben F. Gray, Jr., of Clemens avenue, entertained about forty ladies informally on Saturday last, in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Charles Filley, who, with her daughter, Miss Mary Filley, is visiting St. Louis friends. They will leave early in the spring to return to England, but will again visit St. Louis next fall and make a longer stay.

The marriage of Mrs. Virginia Kaiser and Mr. William Everett Little, of New York City, will take place within the next fortnight and will be a very quiet affair, and only the immediate relatives present. Mr. Little is a wealthy and aristocratic New Yorker, and the bride-elect the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cabanne. Mr. and Mrs. Little will reside in the East.

Mrs. Simeon Ray, of 3102 Washington avenue, gave a luncheon, on Monday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. William Fremont Hill, of Augusta, Maine. Mrs. Ray received her guests in a toilette of amber-tinted brocade trimmed with mousseline de soie of the same tone, and handsome point lace. Mrs. Hill was also beautifully gowned. There were many guests, despite the rain.

Mrs. F. A. Thompson, of Boston, Mass., who has been spending some time with Mrs. Shaefer, of Maple avenue, will return home the first of next week. Mrs. Kregel gave a euchre party for her Monday afternoon. Mrs. Dehlendorf gave a card party in her honor on Tuesday afternoon, and on Wednesday, Mrs. J. Bruner entertained

for her. Mrs. Bertha Arnold will give a function in her honor on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. H. F. Spencer will give a luncheon on Saturday next in honor of the Colonial Dames. Among the St. Louis ladies who will attend the function are: Mesdames James O'Fallon, Ben O'Fallon, Amos Thayer, W. W. Hardaway, George H. Shields, H. W. Elliott, E. R. Copeland, Lindell Gordon, William Long, Ben F. Gray, Jr., William Guy, W. A. Galentine, B. B. Graham, H. L. Block, M. W. McKittrick, Wallace Delafield, P. G. Robert, George Castleman, J. E. Winchester, William Ware, Edward Wyman, Hinman Clark, Mary Branch, Thomas Skinner, Frank Henderson, Robert McCormick Adams, and Mary Polk Winn, Misses Marion Ralston, Lena Boyle, and Florence Boyle.

On Wednesday evening at eight o'clock Miss Bessie Clark and Mrs. Henry Boeckeler were quietly married at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin W. Clark, of Portland place. Only a very limited number of guests were present, and these were almost all relations. Miss Martha Sproule was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids, Misses Charlotte Boeckeler, Mary Semple, Bessie Elmes, of Chicago, and Louis Kittredge, of Boston. Mr. Boeckeler had for his best man, Mr. Henry Lackland, and as groomsmen, Messrs. Claude Kennerly, Hamilton Gamble, William Colladay and Charles Scudder. The bride wore a toilette of white satin which was trimmed with cloudy plisses of tulle and a rich garniture of rare old point lace. The tulle veil which fell to the end of the train, and a bouquet of bride roses completed the toilette. Miss Sproule wore white silk veiled in Paris muslin. The skirt was en demi traine, and the bodice low with demi sleeves. The entire gown was effectively trimmed with filmy lace insertion and delicate ruffles. The bridesmaids wore toilettes exactly similar, with the exception that they were made over pale pink silk, and had girdles of pink liberty satin, and pink love knots on the shoulder. After the ceremony, supper was served for the bridal party and family. Mr. and Mrs. Boeckeler, after the honeymoon, will be at home to friends at No. 30 Portland place, on Fridays, May 24th and 31st.

One must be hard to please who cannot find a pretty wedding present in the immense collection of silver and art objects now shown at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust

HAIR LOW ON THE NECK.

Among the signs of Spring is the tendency of the Modishes toward picturesque hair-dressing.

The artistic arrangement of the hair low on the neck has made its appearance, and seems to have come to stay. It is by far the most advantageous method of showing off the hair, and the many and various styles of coiling and braiding, or bunching in loose, soft, thick waves, make it adaptable to all features, and becoming alike to the classic beauty and her sister of retousse type.

This is certain to be the prevailing fashion, although it will probably be some time before the high hair-dressing, so long favored, will entirely disappear. In this latter method the hair is still rolled back from the face, but after being rolled back it is again pulled forward, so as to well cover the forehead, and is divided on one side to show a bit of the brow. The knot on the top of the head is perceptibly larger and softer than during the Winter, while the parting on the side appears to be the accepted fad.

In arranging the hair low on the neck the top is left loose and wavy, well pushed toward the front, and often showing the side parting. The long hair is braided loosely and coiled on a pad to make it look thick and heavy. The exact position of this coil must be regulated by the features. Some can stand it very low and long in effect, while for others it must be but a little below midway between the ears.

This is by far the most graceful and artistic fashion that has been in vogue for the hair in a long time. To be sure, it re-

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quires great care to produce a perfect coiffure of this sort, but a Modish has to be particular, and she knows well the value of devotion to woman's crowning glory.

This charming broad knot serves as a fitting support to the flower toques which are becoming more and more popular as the season advances. A white gardenia creation complements auburn hair superbly, while the pale-haired woman delights in the brilliant-hued poppy hat.—*Town Topics.*

Wedding stationery, correct form, best materials, finest workmanship, executed in their own shops on premises, under personal supervision. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway corner Locust.

ARTIST ON FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

M. Van de Velde, the Belgian artist, recently lectured at Vienna before a large and distinguished audience upon the reform of women's dress. He attacked the creators of fashionable attire who neglect the rational object of clothing in order to secure a fresh form for every season, and to force their slaves to purchase new toilettes at each turn of the year. The opposition of artists had hitherto proved futile, because they had brought forward no new ideal to replace present fashions. The best endeavors, observed the lecturer, would, however, prove useless if women themselves could not be roused to perceive that the continual change of form in clothing was nothing but a trade maneuver. That dress reformers were defeated in their endeavors some years ago was owing to their going clumsily to work. The new costumes had only aimed at health, and forgotten beauty. To obtain success, a new mode, fulfilling both conditions, must be offered in place of the present one. Clothing

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NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Harrison Robertson's new story, "The Inlander," is not quite up to the mark of his other books, "How the Derby Was Won," especially. His new hero, *Paul Rodman*, is a young Tennessean who has quixotic ideas about the fair sex and a rather dangerous faculty of falling in love with every pretty face. Two friends of his own age appear to regard him as a phenomenal being and yield him a good deal more devotion than his deeds of derring-do appear to warrant. His favorite method of assault was to push his enemy from the platform of a railroad coach in motion, but the first man he did it to got his revenge by marrying *Paul's* sweetheart, and the second time he tried it he was badly injured. The plot concerns the lady whom he married. Accidentally placed in a questionable position, without giving her an opportunity to explain things, he jumps to the conclusion that she is untrue, and leaves her. After the fight with the suspected man in the case he learns the truth and all ends happily. While there is much that is unconvincing in the book and the hero and his friends savor of college-boyishness in their sayings and doings, Mr. Robertson is original and writes in a breezy style that carries the reader's interest. He has done some clever writing on the *Louisville Courier Journal* and, judging from this and his other stories, will, one day, give his admirers a good novel. [Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York. Price \$1.50.]

Since the day of Frederika Bremer, those cosmopolitan readers who are espe-

cially interested in stories of Scandinavian life have had but little encouragement other than the somewhat "fleshy" dramas of Ibsen. That it has great possibilities, especially for those who are wearied with the chivalric novel, the dialect story, the local color or the old colonial themes is proved by the series of stories entitled "From a Swedish Homestead." Selma Lagerlof, a popular writer of Sweden, is the author, and her stories have been worthily done into English by Jessie Brochner. They are interesting from the intrinsic standpoint of their literary value and also because they give one a picturesque insight into Swedish modes of life, manners and customs. These reasons will and ought to make a large public for the tales, "From a Swedish Homestead." The first one, entitled "The Story of a Country House," is the longest and best. Its hero, *Gunnar Hede*, a young aristocrat, becomes insane from exposure during a storm, while driving a large herd of goats to market. For years he wanders around the country, visiting towns and villages, carrying a peddler's pack of notions. His mania causes him to forget that he is by birth and education a gentleman and to assume the sheepskin garb and uncouth manners of a Dalar peasant with a habit of bowing with respect and fear to horses, cats and dogs. (The translator has, throughout the story, translated the Swedish word for bowing—"curtsying" which, in English, is only applied to the sweeping bow of ladies.) While still insane he visits a grave-yard, and rescues from her coffin the heroine, *Ingrid*, who had been the victim of premature burial. She in turn, eventually, cures him of his mania by the power of love and music, playing the violin and guitar and by that means bringing him back to his normal condition. With the weird morbidity that appears to prevail in Scandinavian song and story, Selma Lagerlof's writings are strongly imbued. There is in each of these modern "saga" a melancholy strain suggestive perhaps of the long winter nights of the Northland. But by the cultured reader her stories and sketches will be perused with interest, not only for the reason that they are of a *terra incognita*, but, as has been already stated, for their intrinsic worth. The stories have a social value by reason of the fact that there is a large and growing Swedish element in this country which it is advisable that we should understand. These stories give us insight into the Swedish mind and heart. [McClure, Phillips and Co., publishers, New York. Price \$1.50.]

The Sons of St. Ignatius Loyola have, for more than a century, furnished material for history and romance, the latter not less than the former. Admired, loved, hated, feared, the Society of Jesus has held high rank in the current history of every era since the foundation of the order. The career of one Jesuit priest during the days of Anne of Austria, and the famous, or infamous, Cardinal Mazarin forms the subject of "The Devil's Plough," by Anna Farquhar. (Under the pen name of Margaret Aliston, Miss Farquhar last year did a clever book "Her Boston Experiences," which took very well indeed.) The hero of the romance, *Gaston L'Artanges*, is a popular orator of Notre Dame, at Paris, and possesses great influence with the people. The excesses of the aris-



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tocracy of that period and the wretchedness of all other classes had produced that condition of unrest which the Grand Monarch anticipated in his "Après moi le Deluge." And it was at this exciting period that *Father Gaston* played so prominent a part. The priest is young and handsome and has a hard time keeping his hands from the devil's plough. His brother, *Paul de Chatillon*, was killed in a street fray and *Father Gaston*, his twin brother, finding his corpse in the street, buries it in the vaults of St. Ignatius' college. Thenceforth, for several months, he assumes the role of his brother the Chevalier *Paul*, alternating it with his own position as the rector of St. Ignatius College and the eloquent pulpiteer of Notre Dame. The woman in the case and for whose sake

Father Gaston thus jeopardizes his soul is *Heloise*, the beautiful Comtesse de Luneville, whose husband is a prisoner in the Bastille. Their's is a very ardent love affair and has some very striking episodes, including her invasion of the college and the rector's room disguised as a page. The affair is brought to a crisis by the challenge of *Count De Bouteville*, a noted duellist, the result of which brings the Jesuit to the front again, after winning a victory as the *Chevalier De Chatillon*. Thenceforward he becomes a missionary to the Indians and thus achieves a triumph over the world, the flesh and the devil. It is a capital story, told with vigor, replete with interest, and evidencing Miss Farquhar's thorough acquaintance with the manners of the brilliant and wicked entour-

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age of Ninon d L'Enclos, the Hotel Ram-bouillet and all the picturesqueness of that age. The love of *Heloise* is the sad refrain of the story of *Gaston's* struggle with "the Devil's Plough." [L. C. Page & Co., publishers, Boston. Price \$1.50.]

Mr. Leon H. Vincent is an authority on French literary history and criticism. Therefore, there is value to his little volumes in the series of brief studies of French society and letters in the Seventeenth Century. He writes charmingly of "The French Academy," giving a blithe and smooth history of that institution and its peculiarities. Even more delightfully he writes of "Corneille," the great French playwright, for he writes as one saturated in the history of the man and the motives of his tragedies. These little volumes, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston, Mass.,) are beautiful specimens of clear and bold typography. They are fitted for reading on the cars, and can be carried in the coat pocket. They are supplied with accurate bibliographical indexes, and are indeed invaluable to the student beginning French literature, while written with an ease and lightness of touch not often found in such bibelots. Price \$1 each.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Heritage of Unrest" is in its third edition. Few recent novels have been better described by their titles than this. It illustrates Miss Gwendolen Overton's style of the apt phrase that she has put the spirit of her book in four words. The breaking down of the floodgates in the social barriers to marriage with inferior races is the motive of this story, which is peculiarly American in its social outlook and its plot.

The trials and vexatious of the servant-girl problem form the theme of "The Successors of Mary the First," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, which will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in April. The story is in Mrs. Ward's most characteristic style, and details the experiences of a mistress with societies for training, protecting, and improving servants, and calls out some of the author's most delicious satire and cleverest irony.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's narrative of the experiences of Penelope and her friends in Ireland has been expanded since its appearance in the *Atlantic*, and will be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in its enlarged form as "Penelope's Irish Experiences." Mrs. Wiggin's good sense and humor were never more happily in evidence than they are in this concluding number of the Penelope series.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for early publication a novel by Professor W. H. Venable, of Cincinnati, O. It deals with Aaron Burr's

audacious scheme of founding an empire in the Southwest, for the furtherance of which the famous Blennerhassett expended his whole fortune and sacrificed his beautiful island home in the Ohio River. Professor Venable is an acknowledged historical authority and, in addition, is thoroughly acquainted with all that portion of the country in which the scene of the story is laid.

"Henry Bourland: The Passing of the Cavalier," is the title of a novel by Albert Elmer Hancock, a new writer. It is a panorama of the Southern aristocracy after the Civil War; a book for the era of reconciliation of North and South. The author is a Northerner, but he looks at everything with the eyes of the Southern cavalier,—to learn "the other half of the story." This point of view gives the book a distinct individuality. The Macmillan Company are the publishers.

THE WEST END HOTEL.

The West End is one of the leading hotels of St. Louis. While there are two or three larger ones, there is none in so desirable a location especially suited to that considerable class of the community that requires quiet and comfort in a hotel. This matter of location is an important one for a family hotel, for the refinement and culture which are, or should be, the concomitants of wealth are more likely to obtain in the pure air and aristocratic surroundings of the West End than in the noisy, bustling, dirty down-town district. The building is a handsome one, palatial in its proportions, and of imposing exterior. The interior shows an elegant rotunda, floors, walls, ceilings tastefully decorated. There are two dining-rooms, for the "European" and "American" plans respectively—comfortable, well ventilated, and a handsome grill-room and buffet "downstairs." Of the cuisine it is sufficient to say there is nothing better in this city in any hotel or any restaurant. Manager Dave Lauber, the new "mine host," who took charge two months ago, knows what a good dinner should be, as those who were his guests at his Fourth Street Cafe, or during the years he was with the Planters Hotel, can testify. He is a thorough hotel man and knows how to take care of his guests whether they are the "regulars," who make this elegant hotel their home, or those who take advantage of its handsome dining-halls and parlors for club and association banquets, dinners, etc. Mr. Lauber believes in being neighborly and, as a natural consequence, his neighbors are taking increased interest in the West End Hotel and many social functions are being held in its pretty parlors. For a new-

comer—he has been here but seven years—Mr. Lauber has become very popular. If his ambition in life is to have a first-class hotel and run it in first-class style he has attained it in the West End.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

To the Editor of the Mirror:

HONORED SIR: Your paper has done more for St. Louis than all of the daily press put together. I delight in your telling criticisms and at no time have you said one word too much against this overgrown and unsightly city. Take the little matter of the theatrical support—anything cheap goes, while the companies that in other cities, much smaller than St. Louis, are splendidly supported, play to empty houses here. Such actors as Hare, Annie Russell, Ada Rehan, have cancelled their St. Louis engagements and no one can blame them for so doing. Will you answer me one question: Why are the boxes always empty? In every other city of the world, the wealthy, whose support the theatre needs and ought to have naturally, take advantage of the privilege offered. By answering the above you will greatly oblige.

A Disgusted St. Louisian.
St. Louis, April 15th, 1901.

THE FLATTERER.

"Yes, that cheeky young Wintergreen made a friend of the haughty Mrs. De Young the very first time he met her!"

"How did he do it?"

"He asked her if her hair wasn't prematurely gray."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The new Oriental Room, with its bizarre collection of Asiatic curios, attracts much attention at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.

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TO A DANCER.

I watch you as on waves of sound
You seem to softly sway and float;
Your little feet scarce touch the ground;
I watch as by some weird spell bound—
The music hath a wild, strong note,
Your white arms o'er your head entwine,
Your full, dark eyes are fixed on mine,
And as your lithe form bends and sways
A name wells up from out the maze
Of bygone things, and o'er my lips
In half unconscious murmur slips,
"Herodias! Herodias!"

Thus she of old bespread her net
And danced before the mighty king,
Your red lips smile, and yet, and yet,
Methinks they are a trifle set.
As purposing some cruel thing,
The fire your heavy lids enfold
Some baleful purpose seems to hold.
What can it be? Yet stay, I know!
The same as hers of long ago,
Who for the king her net bespread—
You mean a man shall lose his head,
"Herodias! Herodias!"

—Anne Virginia Culbertson.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was once present at a gathering where he chanced to be seated near the refreshment-table, and noticed a little girl looking longingly at the table. In his kindly way, he said, "Are you hungry my child?" She replied bashfully in the affirmative. "Then why don't you take a sandwich?" he asked. The little maid responded: "Because I haven't any fork." The Autocrat quoted, smilingly: "Fingers were made before forks," and to his intense amusement she answered: "Not my fingers!"

Society stationery, Mermod & Jaccard's.

MUSIC.

THE THOMAS CONCERTS.

Stupendous programmes! The Beethoven Symphony No. 7; Tschaiakowsky's sixth Symphony, the "Pathétique;" a Bach Suite, Liszt's Symphonic Poem "Les Preludes," the marvelous "Vorspiel" and "Liebestadt" from "Tristan and Isolde"—a feast for the elect, but too rich a spread for ordinary palates.

The interpretation was worthy of the greatness of the works. Thomas is a wizard. He charms sounds of almost unearthly beauty from his orchestra. Criticism would be impertinent, absurd. We who are doomed to spend most of our time here and have too little opportunity to hear high class orchestra playing to pick flaws in the work of the great conductor and his men.

Thomas is the classicist, the purist, when he plays Beethoven. He knows the master, he reveres him, and his reading must be accepted as a model to imitate.

The modern works were given with an extraordinary degree of virtuosity. All the resources of a modern orchestra, complete in every detail, are demanded to interpret with satisfying effect some of the works named above and Thomas was fully equal to all requirements.

The attendance fell short of what it should have been, even many professed music-lovers absenting themselves.

BEETHOVEN RECITAL.

The Beethoven Conservatory gave its last pupils' recital for this year, last Saturday, and, as usual, the hall and stairs of their building was crowded with friends and students. Among the pianists Miss Frank showed exceptional talent and Miss Bain and Miss Hillis also were very successful amongst the violinists. Great interest was manifested in the first performance in St. Louis of Liza Lehmann's "Daisy Chain" Cycle by some of Professor Tansey's pupils. These beautiful children's verses written by R. L. Stevenson, Lawrence Alma-Tadema and others have been most daintily set to music by the composer of "The Persian Garden" and were given in the simplicity of manner and freshness of voice necessary to their proper rendition. What was especially pleasing was the clearness of diction of all the singers so that even in the quartettes the words were heard as well as the music.

THE LAST SUNDAY CONCERT.

Only a few people heard the concert given by the Orchestra of picked musicians under the direction of Mr. Homer Moore last Sunday, so there will be no more "Popular Concerts" at the Odéon during the present season.

The movement deserved success, and perhaps next year, if begun early in the season, it will be possible to work up some enthusiasm among concert-going citizens for this class of music.

The second concert was far better than the first. The orchestra played exceedingly well and the soloists were experienced professionals and did fine work.

George Vieh, though hampered by the stiff action and small sustaining tone of the piano, played with splendid effect. His numbers consisted of the Weber "Concert-stuck" and a taking, unconventional group of solos composed of Lassen's "Crescendo" two graceful waltzes by Reinhold and Nicode's bravura "Polonaise."

Mr. Vieh's work is always interesting. He

brings to bear on it a brilliant technique, temperament, and rare musicianly qualities.

Mrs. Corby and Mr. Fellows were the vocalists. Mrs. Corby sang a number from the "Samson and Delilah" of Saint Saens with dramatic effect, and then a showy ballad. Her voice was in fine condition; especially rich and full in the low tones. This popular contralto improves constantly and to the charm of her singing adds skill and taste in personal adornment.

Harry Fellows sang "Onaway awake!" from Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha" with good style and tone. The composition is well suited to his voice, but the distinguishing characteristics of this pleasing tenor—brilliant, ringing high tones—were displayed to better advantage in a dramatic duet from De Lara's "Messaline," sung with Mrs. Corby.

THE LATE DR. MCKELLOPS

The profession of dental surgery the world over loses a leading figure by the death in this city of Dr. Henry J. McKellops, on Tuesday morning. He was 78 years old. Death was due to old age, and was peaceful. Dr. McKellops came to St. Louis from New York, at the age of eleven, in the year 1834, and has been here ever since, with the exception of the years of the war between the States, when he practiced his profession in Paris, France. He was the first to introduce in France the use of the mallet in dental operations, and in his travels collected a library of medical works which is said to be one of the most complete in the world. He was, as a boy, page in the Missouri Legislature, and on his savings he went to the Missouri State University at Columbia, in 1844. Later he studied dentistry at the old St. Louis Medical College. In 1865 he was one of the projectors and founders of the Missouri State Dental Association of which he was the first president. In 1878 he was elected president of the American Dental Association, and in 1879 became president of the St. Louis Dental Society. In 1884 he was called to the presidency of the Southern Dental Association. Doctor McKellops was married in 1849 to Miss Anna Gower, of Tennessee who, with five children, survive him. They are: Doctor Leo Gregory McKellops and Linton J. McKellops, of St. Louis, Mrs. Joseph Bouvier and Doctor Harry L. McKellops, of San Francisco, Cal., and Jerrold G. McKellops, of Cincinnati. He was a gentleman of delightful, old-fashioned manners, and of a scrupulous regard for his personal appearance, even until a few years ago. He delighted in the society of young people, and managed to keep young himself until the end.

"Charlie, dear," said the young mother, "I've decided on a name for baby. We will call her Imogen."

Papa was lost in thought for a few minutes. He did not like the name, but if he opposed it his wife would have her own way.

"That's nice," said he, presently. "My first sweetheart was named Imogen, and she will take it as a compliment."

"We will call her Mary, after my mother," was the stern reply.

The Indiana legislature has passed a bill providing for the appointment of a marriage commission, to be composed of two women who are mothers, two physicians of note, and one attorney. The duties of the commission are to prepare a set of questions which it is proposed to require candidates for marriage licenses to answer, the idea being to prevent marriages between the unfit.

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The essential element in "Sorosis" is its accuracy as to detail of construction; "Sorosis" Shoes are made on lasts that are exact reproductions of the human foot, in sizes from 1 to 9, which insures the one requisite,

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All Sizes, All Widths, All Leathers.

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SON OF A SIGNER.

How near we are to the birth of this Republic was illustrated in the announcement of the death in Clayton, St. Louis County, last Sunday morning, of James F. Walton, son of James Walton, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was born in November, 1816, near what is now Forest Park in this city, and lived in St. Louis County all his life, with the exception of about six years spent in California and Colorado. Mr. Walton's wife died in 1833. He leaves four children and two brothers Fred and Sublette Walton, the youngest of whom is 70 years old. His oldest child, Charles Walton, who is superintendent of the Frisco shipping department in St. Louis, is 79 years old. The other children are Emily Walton and Mrs. Nancy Alken, both living in St. Louis County, and Mrs. Sallie Fahlen, who lives in Texas.

According to an article on "Costly Introductions," which appears in a London weekly, fifteen thousand dollars is the record sum paid for the privilege of shaking somebody's hand. This was the price paid on one occasion for a hand-shake with the late Colonel North, and that bluff old financier was so enraged when he heard of the transaction that he cut off his friendship with the introducer then and there, and paid the money back to the man who had sought the introduction—paid it out of his own pocket. When E. T. Hooley was in the zenith of his meteoric success, there was hardly a pushing man of invention or business who did not seek the famous financier, and the consequence was that Mr. Hooley had to draw a cordon around himself to keep wild-cat schemers away, or he would have never had time to do business. Mr. Hooley's intimate friends might have amassed fortunes in fees for introductions, for all sorts of sums were offered for such services. In one case ten thousand dollars was offered and declined, while a fee of two thousand dollars was paid for a handshake with Mr. Hooley by a Midland County merchant, who wanted his business floated, only a week or two before the crash came. Of course, Mr. Hooley was no party to these bribes, of which he may be totally ignorant to this day. If half the bribes that were offered for introductions to the meteoric financier were accepted, Mr. Hooley's friends made more out of him than he made out of himself.

BOOKS.

We wish to call
"Mirror" readers'
attention to two
Extraordinary
Bargains—

Kipling's Works.

The "Swastika" edition comprising 15 vols., and containing the copyrighted Books—"Many Inventions," "The Seven Seas," "The Jungle Book," "The Second Jungle Book," "Captains Courageous," Etc., Etc.—This is the authorized edition of Mr. Kipling's Works. Published to sell for \$15.00,

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GRAND LEADER

BROADWAY AND WASHINGTON

THE BANK CLERKS.

The Bank Clerks' Economic Society met and wound up its successful season's work on Wednesday evening, listening to an address by Mr. F. N. Judson on "Banks of Issue." The question of amalgamation with the American Institute of Bank Clerks was taken up and arrangements were perfected for a banquet to be held the first week in May. The Society has been a great success and the members find that it has more than fulfilled the purposes of its foundation in advancing their interests, while the heads of the banking corporations are agreed that the Society has, if anything, improved the efficiency of their clerical forces.

APRIL WEATHER.

Soon, ah, soon the April weather
With the sunshine at the door,
And the mellow melting rain-wind
Sweeping from the South once more;

Soon the rosy maples budding,
And the willows putting forth,
Misty crimson and soft yellow
In the valleys of the North;

Soon the hazy purple distance,
Where the cabined heart takes wing,
Eager for the old migration
In the magic of the spring;

Soon, ah, soon the budding windflowers
Through the forest white and frail,
And the odorous wild cherry
Gleaming in her ghostly veil;

Soon about the waking uplands
The hepaticas in blue—
Children of the first warm sunlight
In their sober Quaker hue—

All our shining little sisters
Of the forest and the field,
Lifting up their quiet faces
With the secret half revealed;

Soon across the folding twilight
Of the round earth hushed to hear,
The first robin at his vespers
Calling far, serene and clear;

Soon the waking and the summons,
Starting sap in bole and blade,
And the bubbling, marshy whisper
Seeping up through bog and glade;

Soon the frogs in silver chorus
Through the night, from marsh and swale,
Blowing in their tiny oboes
All the joy that shall not fail—

Passing up the old earth rapture
By a thousand streams and rills,
From the red Virginian valleys
To the blue Canadian hills;

Soon, ah, soon the splendid impulse,
Nomad longing, vagrant whim,
When a man's false angels vanish
And the truth comes back to him;

Soon the majesty, the vision,
And the old unflinching dream,
Faith to follow, strength to establish,
Will to venture and to seem;

All the radiance, the glamour,
The expectancy and poise,
Of this ancient life renewing
Its temerities and joys;

Soon the immemorial magic
Of the young Aprilian moon,
And the wonder of thy friendship
In the twilight—soon, ah, soon!

—Bliss Carman, in *Philadelphia Evening Post*.

THE SHAME OF EUROPE.

A Tokio newspaper called *Niroku Shinto* has reached us, which contains an editorial article on the outrages committed by European troops in China. The "leader" is in English—and very good English, too—though all the rest of the paper is in the Japanese character. The article commences:—"The recollection of the great outrages at Tung-chau still makes us shudder at this very moment when we are writing these lines. Tung-chau may be said to be the gate of Peking, as it is a very important place in North China. . . . According to the report of the Japanese reserve troop which were stationed there, the Chinese women who were violated and afterwards murdered by European soldiers, together with those who had committed suicide to avoid the unbearable shame thus forced on them, amounted to 573! Think of! Besides the above report, how many more met with the same fate is beyond the possibility of discovery.

"Here let us reproduce a few striking pictures of savagery, so that readers may know what cruel things have been practiced by certain soldiers of nations who are just now loud in their boasts of a Christian civilization. If you had visited China, you would

have noticed that every Chinese house keeps a large water-butt in its yard, or garden. The water-butt is about four feet high, and about three feet wide at the top. Now, many Chinese women, as some of our war correspondents have seen with their own eyes, jumped into these water-butts with their heads downward. In this frightful manner they killed themselves, after they had struggled in vain to maintain their chastity."

Then follows an account of cruelty to children committed by "European soldiers," which is too horrible to reprint.

Next comes a circumstantial account by an eye-witness of a deed of lust and bloodshed by French soldiers.

"It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of last August, when a Japanese war correspondent, whose story we are here about to write, took a walk through the streets of Tung-chau. Suddenly his attention was arrested by the sight of four French soldiers coming out in a most excited manner from a house, under the roof of which he was just stopping. One of them was a respectable-looking French officer. None of them, however, carried any goods which he could have plundered from the hands of Chinamen. Soon after they had gone, the correspondent entered the house. There were two Chinese coolies helping themselves to all that they could lay hold of, for there was no one in the house besides themselves. The coolies were frightened at the sight of a Japanese, and started to escape; but they were assured by him that they should not be molested. Then they told him that four Frenchmen, by whom they were hired as coolies to carry provisions and to take care of horses, had caught sight of two Chinese women at the Southern gate, whence they pursued them to this house. The women, being natives of Canton, among whom the custom of binding the feet is not practiced, ran as fast as they could; but they were at last overtaken. 'Sir,' said one of the coolies, pointing with his finger, 'that is the room into which they were dragged by force. 'Look, sir,' said the other, 'look at that entrance. It was there that they stationed one of their number to watch, while the others were in the room.'

"Finally, the correspondent was led to the room by the coolies who, looking in exclaimed suddenly, 'By God! By God!' Entering the room, he found—what do you suppose!—two lifeless bodies of young girls, half-naked, and stained with blood! One of them looked about sixteen years old, the other twenty-one or twenty-two. Both lay with their faces upward. The crimson blood was still warm. The black hair was dishevelled around their pale faces. Their bracelets, rings, earrings, and other valuables had been stripped from them. The scene must have been a heartrending one.

"The coolies' explanation was this—that the tramp of the passing soldiers frightened those Frenchmen so much that they instantly killed the poor girls with their bayonets. Readers, what would you say when you know that such savage crimes were actually committed by soldiers of civilized nations?"

SEE IT.

The leading lady certainly was attenuated, but after giving the character man a needless call down, saying, "You must remember I'm the star," she little expected the answer: "Yes, you're the star, but in some of your scant costumes I think you would be even better appreciated if you were a little meeter."—*Kansas City Star*.

ON DISPLAY

The Swellest

SHIRT WAIST HATS.

A New Shipment of Imported Hats Such as
Were Worn at the Paris Horse Show.

THE CONNELLY TURBAN.

Sonnenfeld's

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L. ACKERMAN, Manager.

DID JUST AS SHE WAS TOLD.

The servant girl who follows directions explicitly has always been considered a jewel, but there are some flaws even in the most valuable gems.

The jewel in question was a Scandinavian, willing and vigorous, but not over-gifted with intelligence. When she first arrived on the scene she had never seen a refrigerator before. After initiating her into its mysteries the new mistress instructed her never to leave in the ice box anything old or left over, but to keep it perfectly clean and fresh, by throwing away the old things every morning.

On the day following this the mistress happened to look out of the window and noticed something peculiar in the yard. Summoning the maid she asked:

"Sophia, what is that and how did it get there?"

The Scandinavian beamed with joy at her own cleverness and in expectation of cordial approval.

"That is old ice, ma'am' left from yesterday. I threw it away like you toll me."—*Chicago American*.

VERY GIDDY STOCKINGS.

The woman who delights in bizarre effects in stockings has material to suit her taste this year. There are the most pronounced stripes of all kinds, most of them encircling the stockings, but others perpendicular. Many of the stripes are in lace work. Brilliant colors predominate and in some of the stockings a few threads of gold are interwoven. One of the most pronounced effects is in a pair of bright green stockings, with circular stripes, alternating bright green and white lace work, with gold thread. A pair of stockings in black have as small embroidered figures in red, over the instep, a golf club and ball. There is always some uncertainty about the good taste of reproductions of practical articles in wearing apparel, but the golf club and ball have a conventional effect, and it takes a second glance to recognize the design. It is unobjectionable.

—*New York Times*.

The Cheshire National Bank, of Keene, N. H., has recently taken a very unusual precaution. Scarlet fever is epidemic in that town and to prevent its spread the bank has put in a sterilizing oven, in which all the money which passes through its hands is to be sterilized.



About Clothing.

Durable clothing is not always stylish. And stylish clothing is not always durable.

Skillful tailors are not always conscientious. Neither are conscientious tailors always skillful.

It takes quite a combination of things to make the kind of clothing you ought to wear.

Our tailors are conscientious enough to make durable clothing. And skillful enough to make stylish clothing. They wouldn't be working for us if they were not both.

Your Spring Suit, made from crisp, new, elegant Spring and Summer fabrics—fashioned with care for detail—that marks all "MacCarthy-Evans" clothing—\$20.00 to \$50.00.

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.,
820 Olive St., Opp. Post Office.

TOLSTOI AND THE GIRLS.

A writer, Tolstoi thinks, ought to feel the public's pulse. He is fond of telling the following story of two American girls who came to see him in Moscow. They had traveled around the world, starting from New York in opposite directions, to meet again in Moscow for the express purpose of calling upon him. When they had finished, Tolstoi didn't know anything more gallant to say than:

"Well, ladies, I think you might have employed your time to better purpose."

As he spoke he felt the rudeness of the remark and was about to add some excuses, when one of the young ladies cried:

"Ah, how much like Leo Tolstoi. I was ready to bet that you would say something of that sort!"

And they went away as happy as larks.—*London M. A. P.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

There have been some almost startling changes in the past week. The multifarious pools experience no difficulty in keeping the public interested; the buying power is still tremendous, and transactions are in excess of all previous records. It seems that the bullish community is acting on the belief that, because nothing has happened to check the rise in prices in the last five months, the presumption is justified that nothing untoward will happen, for an indefinite length of time, to upset the speculative coach. To the enthusiastic buyer, everything appears in the rosy light of hope and success, and it is this, as well as the fact that any old woman can now make money in the stock market, which causes the cautious trader to regard Wall street as a fool's paradise at the present time. However, in spite of the skepticism prevailing in conservative quarters, prices continue to go up; there seems to be no stop to the buying craze. It is now one grand round of undisturbed bliss that the bulls experience, and it is, therefore, not surprising, that they are beginning to "feel their oats," and to get more reckless every day.

Money market fears have, temporarily at least, subsided, and the impression obtains that no serious stringency need be expected for a long time to come. The bank statement issued last Saturday was a very encouraging and bullish document, as it revealed quite a large contraction in loans and a correspondingly large increase in reserves. However, one should not be very confident about the money market, in view of the persistent strength of sterling exchange, which is very close to the gold-exporting point, at \$4.88 $\frac{1}{4}$. While it is not likely that the new British loan will meet with much favor on this side of the Atlantic, some part of it will, undoubtedly, be taken by our trust, insurance, and other capitalistic interests, and, if so, gold shipments abroad could not be prevented. There is cause to believe that the firmness of foreign exchange is partly due to speculative buying in anticipation of American subscriptions to the new British consols. The money market in London is still a very precarious affair; the Bank of England refuses to lower its rate of discount, and there seems to be a feeling of uneasiness among our British friends that will not down, and has a very depressing effect on security markets over there. British consols declined to 94 $\frac{1}{4}$, a few days ago, the lowest price since the Baring panic of 1890. About three years ago they sold at 113.

St. Paul common, Norfolk & Western common, Chesapeake & Ohio, Southern Pacific, Nickel Plate and Southern Ry. shares, all of which had frequently been recommended to MIRROR readers in the past four weeks, gained sharp advances lately, and displayed unusual activity. St. Paul common rose to 175, C. & O. to 49 $\frac{1}{2}$, Southern Pacific to almost 54 and Southern Ry. common to 30 $\frac{1}{4}$. Southern Pacific common, which displayed such stubborn dullness ever since its February bulge, is now growing quite popular, and the stock may be safely bought and held for 65. The earnings of the company justify the expectation of a dividend-payment before a great while. Since July 1st, 1900, the net gain is in excess of \$1,500,000, so that the company is earning at the rate of 5 per cent per annum on the \$198,000,000 stock.

New York Central has also justified our predictions. The stock advanced to 155, and gave considerable stimulus to the purchasing of all Vanderbilt issues, including Big Four, Nickel Plate and Lake Erie &

"HUMPHREY CORNER"

Try To Remember

That at no other store
In St. Louis can you
Find the variety of
Exclusive novelties
That we are showing
In little men's clothes—

Boys' School Suits,

\$3.50 to \$5.00

Humphrey's

Broadway and Pine St.,
St. Louis.

Heffernan

Art Dealer
and Framer

Removed to

415 N. BROADWAY

Most Convenient Location
in town.

Camel Borax.



Kills Bugs and Roaches.

Its usefulness for many other
purposes in the household
makes it indispensable.
96 recipes in every package.
For sale by all grocers.

Hodkinson—"Splitter's automobile is something of a novelty, is it not? It seems to be made in two separate parts."

Perter—"Oh, you must have seen it since he divided it with a lamp-post."—Harper's Bazar.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

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BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON.

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Investors desiring more than the usual rates of interest together with absolute security of principal, which is guaranteed under our plan of Combination Investments, should call or send for particulars. Our customers are realizing from 12 per cent to 30 per cent annual interest on many of the stocks purchased through us, and we have yet to record the first loss for a customer.

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Branches: Cleveland, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford, Conn.; St. John, N. B.; Montreal, Canada; London, England.

Western preferred and common. New York Central is worth at least 175, on its intrinsic merits; it is one of the best investment stocks on the list, outside of Illinois Central and Pennsylvania, and should be bought by those who do not care for temporary fluctuations or scalping operations but prefer to buy for a "long pull." The stock shows an earning capacity of almost 14 per cent. and an enlarged dividend distribution is practically certain. Judging by late occurrences, a readjustment of the capitalization of junior Vanderbilt properties is probable, which will result in a complete amalgamation of all the properties comprised in this group.

St. Paul common shook off its lethargy a few days ago, when it rose to 175, the highest price it ever sold at in its history. People are now awakening to the fact that this stock is too much behind Burlington and has been unduly neglected. The earning capacity of the Chicago, M. & St. Paul Railway Co.—which company is often referred to as the Lake Shore of the West—is greatly in excess of that of the Burlington. After paying the full 7 per cent. on the preferred, there is a surplus of about 12 per cent. on the common stock, while the Burlington earns only 8 per cent. on its new, enlarged

capital. There were rumors afloat of an absorption of the St. Paul system by the Chicago & Northwestern, or Vanderbilt interests, this new combination to offset the consolidation of the Burlington with the Great Northern and Northern Pacific properties, but in well-informed quarters little or no credence is lent to stories of this kind. If speculators would buy less on rumors, and more on intrinsic merits, they would be more successful in their career in Wall street and in expanding their bank accounts. Buying on nothing but "tips" and rumors invariably ends in bankruptcy. Temporary successes engender recklessness and disregard of solid facts, and these, in turn, invite disaster.

Union Pacific common surprised its friends by rushing from 95 to 101 $\frac{1}{2}$ and eclipsing its previous high record. About two weeks ago, there were numerous "tips" in various financial papers and brokers' circulars to sell this stock short, and, of course, many of the "innocents abroad" were very neatly caught in the skillfully laid trap. If you wish to sell short, do not fool with syndicate stocks, or stocks of roads recently reorganized. Insiders are manipulating issues of this kind for all they are worth; they have them to

St. Louis Trust Co.

4th and
Locust Sts.

Capital, \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

MOST MODERN SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES IN THE WEST.

Boxes for rent \$5.00 and upward.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO

FUTURES IN COTTON,
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GUY P. BILLON,

Formerly GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO.

Bought and sold for cash, or carried on margin. Connected by SPECIAL LEASED WIRES with the various exchanges.

307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 307 Olive Street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102-104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	111-113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111-113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	103-104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105-107
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	102-103
" 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1918	112-113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-106
" 3 1/2	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108-109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108-110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109-110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104-106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104-105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	100-101
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100-102
" 4	A. O.	Apr 1, 1914	102-105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104-105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104-105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105-106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70-80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97-100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	60-60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Cos 6s	1911	90-95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg	1928	100-102
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	109-111
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115-116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113-115
Mo. Electric L. 2d 6s	1921	117-119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	95 1/2-96
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100-101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	100-100 1/2
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	91-95
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-95
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100-102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98-101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '00, 8 SA	241-245
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	197-199
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1901, 6 SA	140-150
Continental	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	320-322
Fourth National	100	May '01, 5 p. c. SA	242-250
Franklin	100	Dec. '00, 4 SA	165-175
German Savings	100	Jan. 1901, 6 SA	280-290
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1901, 20 SA	750-800
International	100	Mar. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	140-143
Jefferson	100	Jan. 00, 3 p. c. SA	117-120
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1901, 5 SA	400-600
Mechanics	100	Apr. 1901, 2 qy	230-235
Merch.-Laclede	100	Mar. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	202-205
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1901, 4 SA	130-150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Jan. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	259-264
South Side	100	Nov 1900, 8 SA	125-130
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Apr. 1901, 8 SA	135-137
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8 SA	90-100
State National	100	Apr. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	165-167
Third National	100	Apr. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	204-205

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Commonwealth	10	Forming	170-175
Lincoln	100	Dec. '00, S.A.	3195-3196
Miss. Va.	100	Apr. '01, 2 1/2 qy	348-349
St. Louis	100	Apr. '01, 1 1/2 qy	291-301
Title Trust	100	" " " "	163-165
Union	10	" " " "	380-400
Mercantile	10	Apr '01 Mo 75c	1324-326

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102-103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N.	2 1905 105-107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 107-108
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 117-118
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117-118
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	
St. L. & H. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103-107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100-101
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20	J. & J.	1913 102-103
do Baden-St. L. 5s		
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 105-106
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 116 1/2-116 3/4
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1914 93 1/2-95
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
Southern 1st 6s	F. & A.	1909 106-108
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1916 107-108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	J. & D.	1910 100-102
U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1918 122-123
do 2d 25s 6s	Apr. '01 1 1/2	79 1/2-80
United Ry's Pfd.	4 p. c. 50s	90 1/2-91
St. Louis Transit	J & J	24 1/2-24 3/4

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900, 4 SA	49-51

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		12-14
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	40-41
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Apr. 1901 1/2	25-26
" " Pfd	100	Jan. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	79-80
Bell Telephone	100	Apr. 1901 2 qy	140-145
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	2-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Apr. 1901, MO	126-131
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	14-15
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Apr. 1901, 1/2 MO	125-135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		225-235
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	May 1900, 1 qy	85-90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	48-53
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1901 A. 10	103-107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1901 SA 3 1/2	100-104
Laclede Gas, com	100	Feb. 1901 2 p. c.	85-86
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	Dec. 1900 SA	99-101
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		56-60
Mo. Edison com.	100		19 1/2-20
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Apr. '01 1 1/2 qy	100-105
Schultz Belting	100	Apr. '01 qy 1 1/2	180-90
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Feb. 1901, 8 A	169-176
Simmons do pf.	100	Feb. 1901, 3 1/2 SA	141-145
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Mar. 1901 4 S.A.	142-150
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Feb. 1901 1 1/2 qy	14-15
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	47-48 1/2
St. L. Brew Com.	10	Jan., '99 3 p. c.	43-44
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	5-25
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec. '98, 2	2-4
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Apr. 1901 1 qy	70-75
Union Dairy	100	Feb. '01, 1 1/2 SA	110-115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Apr. '01 qy	220-230
Westhaus Brake	50	Mar. 1901, 7 1/2	183-184

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There has been a firm and decidedly rising tendency in local stocks and bonds in the last few days. Bank and Trust Company issues were in strong demand, Mercantile Trust selling at 323, State National at 165, Union Trust at 375, Title Guarantee at 165, and Lincoln Trust at 192 1/2. Boatmen's was also higher, a sale being made at 197 1/2.

United Railways preferred advanced to 80, the highest notch since last summer, while Transit is steady at 24 1/2. United Railways 4s sold at 91, and seemed to be better supported than usual. Missouri Edison shares are somewhat ignored, but give signs of an approaching rise; the preferred is strong at 56, and the common at 19 3/4; the 5 per cent. bonds are 95 1/2 bid.

Banks continue to report a large business. New York exchange is a trifle higher, while sterling rose to 4.88 7/8, Berlin to 95 3/4, and Paris to 5.15 1/8.

INVESTMENTS.

There is a large class of people ever on the lookout for profitable investments. Such will read with interest the announcement in this issue of the MIRROR made by Messrs. Douglas, Lacy & Co., of New York, bankers, brokers and fiscal agents. They claim to have been successful in securing for their customers more than the usual rates of profit and to have accomplished this result without a single loss. Such a claim will doubtless evoke the attention of would-be investors. Mr. Loring M. Howell, who has offices in the Security Building, is the manager of the firm in this city.

Fine diamonds, Mermod & Jaccard's.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.,

FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$6,500,000.

Executes all manner of Trusts.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Guardian.

Curator, Register and Transfer Agent of Bonds and Stocks.

Receiver and Financial Agent for non-residents and others.

HORRORS OF JOURNALISM.

"Now, then," said the information editor, coming back at him sturdily, "what happens when Sioux Falls?"

"She doesn't!" retorted the exchange editor. "Divorce lawyers hold her up. Why is a matrimonial engagement—"

"Like a baseball combination? Diamond ring. Why is a whisky manufacturer—"

"Keep still! Why is a trap door—"

"Shut up! Why is a reformed dead-beat—"

"Expunge. Cut it out. What is the difference between a tomato—"

"And squaring the circle? One you can and the other you can't. What is the—"

"That won't do. What is the difference between a tomato and Washington City? One is seedy inside and the other's inside D. C. D'y'e see?"

"Capital crime. What do you do when old Time drags?"

"Kill him?"

"No. Use the spur of the moment on him. Why is a modern novel like a turn-coat?"

"Shows the seamy side. What's the difference between tea and a bad boy?"

"One's hyson and the other's low son. Why is—"

"Wrong."

"Always getting into hot water?"

"No. One has tannin and the other needs tannin."

"Weak. Why is Assistant Prosecutor Scully—"

"Stag his nibs in Scully. Because he's a Taylor's goose. Don't be ironical. Why does a barber tell you a story when he slices off a piece of skin?"

"Because the tale goes with the hide. What is the difference between a bad marksman and a South sea islander tattooing his sweetheart?"

"Easy. One misses his mark and the other marks his miss. Why is Russell Sage—"

"Like a boil? Hurts to touch him. Why—"

"No. Why is Russell Sage—"

"Like a dull razor! Takes hold well, but doesn't let go worth a—"

"Look out. Why is Russell—"

"Sage? Because he's wealthy and wise. Why was Oliver Cromwell, after the battle of Marston Moor—"

"Like a sheet of fly paper? Ol stuck up. Why is a volcano—"

"Like a swell party? Tremendous blowing out. What is the difference between a billiard ball and—"

"No pockets to put it in. Why is a hippopotamus—"

"Can't climb a tree. When does—"

"When it's a jar."

At which critical juncture the information editor had to stop to answer a query from a knowledge seeker who wanted to know how many kinds of religion there were in the world, and if he wouldn't kindly give him a short description of each.—Chicago Tribune.

THE ATHLETE'S HEALTH.

Does the hard training required of the men who take part in the university boat races shorten their lives? The impression prevails that it does.

The question has been submitted to four well known physicians. Three of them replied with emphatic negatives; the remaining one declared that excessive and sustained muscular exertion was by no means beneficial unless the athlete's heart was perfectly sound.

Figures prepared by another physician, however, would seem to show that this unfavorable view is unwarranted. Dr. Morgan has investigated the history of 294 past "university oars." In forty years only thirty-nine died, of whom heart disease claimed but three victims, this percentage being lower than that furnished by such a healthy occupation as seafaring. Eleven of the thirty-nine succumbed to fevers, seven to consumption, six to accident and the others in lesser number to special causes.

Two hundred and thirty-eight of the surviving oarsmen reported themselves hearty and strong and the seventeen ailing ones did not attribute any of their maladies to the exertions they underwent while training for the classic race.

The average age of university oarsmen is 20. The expectation of life at that age is forty years. The survivors may, then, look forward with some degree of certainty to living another fourteen years. Bearing this in mind and making certain allowances which will be obvious to him, any expert insurance agent will demonstrate to you that the expectation of life of each of the 294 "Blues" was actually two years above the average.

It is admitted that many would-be athletes—rowing men, cyclists and runners—do die suddenly or live a comparatively short time. The cause is generally one of two things—they either rush headlong into violent training, instead of gradually toning the heart and nervous system up to the required pitch, or else they take a totally unsuitable diet. Many men desirous of becoming athletes or sportsmen practically commit suicide through indulging in violent exertion before they are in condition to do it.

In training down (or up) to that condition diet plays a most important part, for, while ridding himself of superfluous adipose tissue, the aspirant must not lose, but gain strength. Fresh, wholesome meat furnishes muscle and energy, and therefore our would-be "Blue" must have a fair amount of good English beef and mutton. In fact, he cannot do better than adopt the following dietary table, which will be equally valuable to any other young athlete who contemplates entering for an important contest:

8 a. m.—A glass of hot water.

9 a. m.—One cup of tea or coffee, sweetened with saccharin and cream (no milk) two ounces of dry toast, six ounces of grilled steak or chop or the same quantity of grilled cod or turbot. No cigarettes.

1:30 p. m.—Clear soup, six ounces of beef, six ounces of mixed vegetables, a bowl of salad, a little cheese and half a pint of good bitter beer. No cigarettes.

4 p. m.—One cup of not too strong tea; nothing to eat. No cigarettes.

7 p. m.—Clear soup, four ounces of boiled or fried sole, four ounces of mutton or game, six ounces of mixed vegetables, one ounce of stale bread, three or four ounces of rice for tapioca pudding, with a little fruit stewed, one glass of good bitter beer. No cigarettes.

9 p. m.—A cup of cocoa sweetened with saccharin; nothing to eat. No cigarettes.

10:30 p. m.—To bed.

"If aspirants for athletic honors, whether

on the river, the cycling track, or the race path, adopted such a diet as this while training, and avoided all great exertion until they reached condition, one would hear much less of such stupid theories as that the university boat race shortens the lives of the men who row in it." Thus declared one of the three physicians who favored athleticism. —*London Mail.*

SPRINGSOMENESS.

Spring weather, more balmy than any that has prevailed for several weeks, has brought out not only "the verdant leaflets that clothe each spray" but likewise the stylish hats and toques, all the pretty fancies of the milliners that, like flowers and butterflies, flourish best when skies are blue and winds are bland. The show of tasteful millinery was great last Sunday morning and it is safe to say it shared with the sermon a good deal of attention. Walking together from a fashionable church, a lady was overheard saying to a friend: "Yes, dear, Miss-So-and-so has the name and Messrs. Blank & Blank have the building and the high prices. But when I want a handsome hat, made by a first-class milliner, and at the most reasonable price, I go to Rosenheim's, 515 Locust street."

MRS. NATION MADE IT PAY.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, the saloon smasher, is said to have made enough out of her crusade to keep her in comfort the rest of her life. Reliable authority says she has made \$15,000. Of this amount she will use \$5,000 to build a cottage in Topeka, and the remainder she will invest, and with the interest and profits therefrom meet her expenses. It is impossible to estimate how much Mrs. Nation has cost the state, but half a million dollars would not cover the amount. In all towns her crusade has caused the prices of property to depreciate and rents to go down. Ten thousand dollars' worth of saloon goods were smashed and half that amount of liquor spilled during the smashing.

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BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

BLUE MUSIC AND GHOSTS.

That moonshine and every blessed ghost is pale blue in color, that a tornado is of a dark blue hue, and that the soul leaves the body in an orange flame were a few of the novel and unique points of esoteric information secured by the women who attended the recent lecture of Mme. Alice Le Plongeon.

The subject of the lecture was "Blue and Orange," and Mme. Le Plongeon, the better to illustrate her ideas, wore a becoming gown of dark blue, relieved at waist and throat by touches of orange. Because, however, according to the lecturer's theory, dark blue is depressing to the spirits, a bright orange scarf was draped artistically about the shoulders when the address was well under way.

That blue was the invariable attribute of melancholy and of people who found no joy in life, the lecturer proved by asserting that ghosts appeared to "sensitives" surrounded always by a curious blue light. Cheeks and lips lost color, and hearts almost forgot to beat while Mme. Le Plongeon told of ghostly experiences of her very own, in which apparitions had always manifested themselves in a blue light. This effect was by no means lost when Miss Mabel Munro, attired in a chilling costume of cold grays and blues, sung Adelaide Proctor's "The Storm" to illustrate the fact that a storm is blue in color.

In the same logical fashion the lecturer deduced that since blue is a cold color, and reason a cold process, therefore reason, or the color of the brain, must be blue. At this point more "blue" music was played and sung by Miss M. F. Sinclair to show that the hint of blue in moonlight was also the hall-mark of pale sentimentality and romance.

When the audience had been depressed and chilled to the last degree, Mme. Le Plongeon warmed and thrilled it, and sent it home in touch with real life by her eloquent remarks concerning orange. Orange, said the lecturer, was the color of revelry and of war. It was the sound of the trumpet call, the color of that vivid dance, the Spanish "bolero," and the color of fire. As a final proof that orange is the color symbolizing life, it was asserted that the soul

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leaves the body through the mouth in an orange or yellow flame.

Since color has so tremendous an effect upon life, Mme. Le Plongeon predicted that what she called color baths would be the chief delight of afflicted humanity in years to come. A bath filled with water would be exposed to rays of light colored so as to produce the desired effect. For the aged, red was prescribed; for the anæmic, orange, and for the nervous, a bath of pale blue.—*New York Journal.*

A dignified clergyman had a parishioner addicted to drink, and one night met him coming home in such a condition that he remonstrated with him on the spot. By way of clinching his argument he asked, "What would you say if you were to see me reeling down the road in a state of hopeless intoxication?" The offender appeared to be deeply impressed, and answered, fervently, "I wouldn't tell a soul, sir!"

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-1901.

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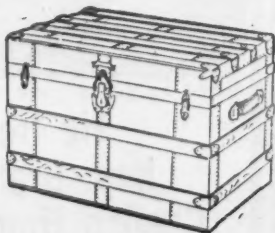
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mings, extra heavy; the best value
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One lot of fine Suit Cases, assorted sizes,
well made; cannot be duplicated else-
where less than \$2.00—while the lot
lasts. \$1.19

One lot of well made Suit Cases, all the
newest styles, good colors, assorted
sizes, cheap at \$2.50—as a flyer out
they go for.....\$1.49

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Ladies' Nobby Eton Suits made of fine gray and brown
homespun, nicely trimmed with black or gilt braid,
skirt lined with fine percaline. Regular retail price \$13.75, now.....**\$8.25**

Ladies' Black Pebble Cheviot Eton Suits—taffeta
silk-lined throughout. Regular retail price \$30.00, now.....**\$16.75**

Swell Corduroy Walking Skirts, made with a deep
founce, tailor-stitched 14 times, comes in brown and
gray. Regular retail price \$11.50, now.....**\$7.50**

Ladies' Fine Black Mercerized Sateen Underskirts—
deep founce, plaited and corded. Regular retail price \$2.25, now.....**\$1.25**

Ladies' Stylish Up-to-Date Tailor-Made Dress Skirts—
These skirts come in fine gray homespun, also navy
blue and black serge, made with a large flare founce,
trimmed with five folds of sateen to match. Regular retail price \$5.98, now.....**\$3.98**

We will have on sale this week a Grand Bargain in
Ladies' Taffeta Silk Waists, all handsomely made
with fifteen tucks down the back, front tucked,
stitched and trimmed with eighteen small crochet
buttons; colors pink, blue, red, lavender, old rose,
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Consomme Julien, 10c. Tomato, with Rice 10c.
Including Bread and Butter.
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Potatoes included with Meat Orders.
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Patties of Sweet-Breads, a la Rein, 25c.
Filet of Beef, larded with Mushrooms, 25c.
Prime Ribs of Beef, au jus, 25c.
Hot Roast Beef Sandwich, 15c.
Young Turkey, Stuffed, Cranberry Sauce 25c.
Boiled Ham, 25c. Yarmouth Bloaters, 25c. Roast Beef, 25c.
Celery Salad, en Mayonnaise, 25c. Sardines, per box 30c.
Chicken Salad, 30c. Potato Salad, 10c.
Cold Slaw, 10c. Ox Tongue, 25c. Lettuce, 10c.
Cucumber, 20c. Pickled Onions, 5c.
Sliced Tomatoes, 15c. Stuffed Olives,
Kennebeck Salmon, 25c. Ham Sandwich, 10c.
Cheese Sandwich, 10c. Tongue Sandwich, 10c.
Roast Beef Sandwich, 15c. Chicken Sandwich, 15c.
Corned Beef Sandwich, 10c. Chicken (sliced), 30c.
Stewed Corn, 10c. String Beans, 10c. Mashed Potatoes, 5c.
Lima Beans, 10c. Stewed Tomatoes, 10c.
Green Peas, 10c. Asparagus, on Toast, 20c.
Butter Beans, 10c. New Potatoes in Cream, 20c.
American-Swiss Cheese, 10c. American Cheese, 10c.
Green Gages, 10c. Vanilla Ice Cream, 10c.
English Breakfast Tea, 5c. Ceylon Tea, 5c.
Cocoa, 10c. Chocolate, 10c. Coffee, 5c.
Jersey Toast, 5c. Lombard Plums, 10c.
Sliced Bananas and Cream, 10c. Banana Fritters, Wine Sauce, 10c.
Green Apple Pie, 5c. Mince Pie, 5c. Peach Pie, 5c.
Cream Puffs, 5c. Lemon Meringue.
Pumpkin Pie, 5c. Pie, a la Mode, 15c. Chocolate Eclairs, 5c.
Cream Rolls, 5c. Coffee, 5c; Per Pot, 10c.
Tea, 5c; Per Pot, 10c. Crystal Water, 5c.

Extra Service will be Charged when One Portion is
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A REMARKABLE DUEL.

[The duel between Count Boni de Castellane and Fernand de Rodays, fought in the Parc des Princes in Paris on Saturday, March 16th, in which the famous editor of *Figaro* was wounded, recalls a tragic duel which occurred at Nantes in 1853, and is graphically described by Maurice Mauris.]

Olivier Fontaine, lieutenant in a light-infantry regiment stationed there, belonged to an old Toulouse family. His mother, to whom he was devoted, had educated him in the most orthodox fashion. He fulfilled his religious duties in the regiment as regularly as though he had been tied to her apron-string. The Bishop of Nantes, who in his youth had been a cavalry officer, used to say that Lieutenant Fontaine would have made a better bishop than himself. He was a good and amiable companion, as well as a loyal, active, and dutiful soldier. He was idolized by all his fellow-officers excepting one, Lieutenant Trouillefou, who owed his commission to the Revolution of 1848. Trouillefou was a perfect type of vulgarity and ignorance, and a declared enemy of all that was noble, delicate, and refined. He continually boasted of a slight wound received in a fight at the barricades. In his eyes there was no glory beyond that gained in revolutionary wars. Like most ignorant men, Trouillefou wanted to pass as a learned man. His historical blunders were without parallel. One day, while the glories of the French army before the Revolution of 1789 were being discussed by a group of officers seated at a table of a *café*, the name of Marshal Saxe was mentioned.

"What do you talk about?" interrupted Trouillefou. "Marshal Saxe was not before the Revolution." The officers looked at each other in astonishment. "Don't you know that he was killed at Marengo?"

"True," Fontaine replied; "but at Marengo the name of De Saxe was pronounced Desaix."

From that day Trouillefou's hatred for Fontaine increased. He never missed an occasion to insult the religious feelings of his comrade. He called him a canting priest, a nun, and similar names. Fontaine for a time bore good-naturedly these idiosyncrasies, but at last requested Trouillefou to stop them. Trouillefou complied with the request, and Fontaine, forgetful of his unpleasant remarks, treated him with cordiality. Two months later, several officers were gathered around a table in the same *café*. One, recently returned from a trip to Switzerland, was speaking of Thorwaldsen's monument to the martyrs of the Swiss revolution of 1772.

"The poor Swiss!" exclaimed one of the party. "Really, they have always had bad luck. Even in our revolution they generally received our first blows."

"It is true," added Fontaine, "It was also against them that, in 1658, the Parisians, under the Duc de Guise, constructed their first barricades."

Lieutenant Fontaine had hardly uttered the word "barricades," when Trouillefou, who was smoking at the next table, and apparently perusing a newspaper, arose from his seat and struck the speaker in the face. There was great excitement. Trouillefou was asked why he had struck his comrade. With flushed face, bloodshot eyes, and foaming lips, he said: "He has spoken disrespectfully of barricades, for the purpose of again insulting me. No one shall insult me without a blow."

Fontaine was as white as a sheet. He trembled. Two large tears stole down his

cheeks. He kept his eyes on Trouillefou; at his nonsensical remark he wiped them, covered his head with his military cap, hurled at Trouillefou the words, "You are an ass and a coward," and left the coffee-house. Comrades offered to accompany him, but he declined their offer. He walked straight to the chapel of the Virgin, fell upon his knees, and buried himself in prayer. There he remained two hours. When he left the church he was as calm as though nothing had happened. Nearly all the officers of the regiment offered their services as seconds. He thanked them, but declared that he had sought advice from One "whose wisdom and love had never deceived him," and that he had irrevocably determined not to challenge Trouillefou. The officers were astounded. Some remarked that military honor required that he should fight. He replied that Christian honor forbade it; that Jesus had set an example of forgiveness that no Christian ought to disregard. Warned by others that he would be suspected of cowardice, he answered that he believed he could offer better evidence of his courage by obeying God than by yielding to human prejudice. If the army and the world misjudged his motives he did not care, for God read his heart.

Although esteemed and loved by all his comrades, Lieutenant Fontaine could not convince them of the correctness of his views. His refusal to fight created such a commotion in the regiment that the colonel deemed it prudent to interfere. He summoned the officer to his presence. "Is it true," he asked, "that you have been slapped in the face by Lieutenant Trouillefou?"

"Yes, colonel," he replied.

"Have you asked for satisfaction?"

"No, colonel."

"You must ask for it without further delay."

"I shall not, for three reasons," was the reply.

"Let us have your reasons," rejoined the old officer.

"Because dueling is opposed to human law, to divine law, and to common sense."

"Is that all?" the colonel inquired.

"Yes colonel."

"Well, Monsieur Fontaine, if before the end of the week you do not challenge Trouillefou to a duel, I will expel you from the regiment."

Fontaine remarked that only soldiers guilty of some crime deserved expulsion. The colonel rejoined that to stain the uniform of a regiment with cowardice was a crime, and repeated his threat. Fontaine left without flinching in his determination.

The general then intervened. As he loved the officer dearly, he entreated him to fight, for the honor of his regiment. The lieutenant firmly replied: "Order me to give up life in behalf of my country, of society, of religion, of any noble cause, and I will willingly encounter death. But ask me not to disobey the gospel."

Fontaine, however, could not resist the treatment of his comrades and subordinates. He tendered his resignation. The minister of war replied that it could not be accepted under the circumstances. He could only be dismissed in disgrace. That filled the measure. One evening Fontaine again walked into the Café Cambonne, where his comrades were assembled.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you were witnesses of the insult received from Lieutenant Trouillefou. I intended to forgive it, because my religion teaches me to forgive. You



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will have it otherwise, and I obey you. God, who has witnessed the struggle of my heart, will allot to each his share of responsibility for what may happen. You force me to fight. I will fight. I make two conditions. First, that all who were present at the outrage shall witness the reparation; second, that the latter be proportionate to the offense. I want a duel to the death, with pistols, and only one of them loaded, the distance to be fifteen feet. Do you accept, Lieutenant Trouillefou?"

The latter hesitated, but finally stammered, "All right."

"To-morrow, at six o'clock in the morning, in the Forest of Chavandere, by the cross road of the Trois-Louvards," said Fontaine.

A roar of applause greeted his words.

WRITERS, CORRESPONDENTS or REPORTERS

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The officers crowded around him to congratulate him upon his determination, and to protest their friendship.

"Wait until to-morrow, gentlemen," the lieutenant replied. "You have suspected me of being a coward. Before protesting your friendship, you had better see me on the ground;" and he withdrew.

At the appointed time the officers of the regiment were at the Trois-Louvars. The colonel loaded one of the pistols, enveloped them in a silk handkerchief, and requested Fontaine to choose a weapon, as he was the insulted party. The combatants were placed fifteen feet from each other. The officers silently formed in two lines, on the right and left of the duelists, and the colonel gave the word.

Trouillefou was the first to fire. His pistol carried no bullet. He staggered as though already wounded. Fontaine could now forgive. But the Christian feeling had given way under the pressure of bitter sarcasm. He calmly leveled his weapon, fired, and Trouillefou fell, with a shattered skull. There was a cry of horror. The spectators rushed toward the dead duelist. But before they reached him, Fontaine was at his side. He dipped his hand in the blood of the dead officer, and with that blood washed the cheek upon which he had been struck, exclaiming: "Well, gentlemen, do you think the insult sufficiently washed away?" Then, running like a lunatic, he disappeared in the forest, and was seen on more at Nantes. Years afterward he was discovered in a monastery at Rome, where, under the religious name of Fra Pancrazio, he was still praying for the remission of his sins, and for the eternal salvation of the man whom he had killed.—*The Argonaut.*

AMERICA NOT INFIDEL.

The Pope intends to introduce a radical change shortly in the present system of considering the United States as an infidel country and therefore coming under the jurisdiction of the congregation of the propaganda fide, instead of depending directly upon the holy see. Profound dissatisfaction is constantly caused among the American priests, having anything to do with the propaganda fide, by Cardinal Ledochowski's high-handed manner toward them. Complaints have been so numerous lately that the sovereign pontiff has determined to withdraw the United States from the jurisdiction of the propaganda fide. Both Archbishop Corrigan and Archbishop Ireland strongly advocated this measure when in Rome. The former especially impressed the pope by laying before him the enormous progress made by the American Catholics—who now amount to 13 millions—especially in the archdiocese of New York, where in the course of last year Archbishop Corrigan has laid the foundation stones of 240 churches or institutes at a cost of 106 million dollars.

Professor Ottolenghi, of the University of Siena, has discovered that while it is easy to apply the X-rays to the lungs of a person who is alive or in a trance, it is extremely difficult, indeed practically impossible, to apply them to the lungs of a person actually dead. "The reason was that some intervening obstacle prevented the rays from penetrating into the body. Over and over again he made a test of this kind, and in each case the result was the same. He suggests that, as this test can easily be made by any physician, it should in future be employed in all cases where doubt exists of death."

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IN BURNS' COTTAGE.

Though Scotland boasts a thousand names
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made with clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day.

And yet I stand within this room
And hold all thrones in scorn;
For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this humble hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have touched
That something deemed divine.

And here the world through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to Robert Burns.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll.

THE MODERN CROQUET.

The game of "tight" croquet has become popular lately, and it is held by many professional men to be equal, as an all around exercise, to lawn tennis, base ball, cricket, rowing or bowling.

While tennis and golf in turn have forced the old game of "loose" croquet into the background, they have had no effect on the "tight" game. Last season it was noticed that in front of many of the cottages at Newport, Lenox and Narragansett Pier and at the mountain resorts there were costly sets of tight croquet, or professional sets, as they are called by the players of the old game. There is a vast difference between the game of tight croquet and the old game. A set of croquet implements, consisting of eight balls, eight mallets and ten wickets, all in a box, can be bought for ninety-eight cents. In tight croquet there are only four balls and four mallets to a set. A plain set will cost \$25. The balls are made of hard rubber and the medium size, $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, generally used, cost \$2.75 each. They weigh almost one pound each.

The mallets are made of boxwood or lignum vitae, with heavy brass bands, and cost \$2 each. The wickets are made of 5-16 inch steel wire and are covered with rubber tubing, which act as a cushion. Workers and boundary lines complete the sets. Some players use fancy mallets and pay as high as \$10 or \$15 each for them.

While there is a code of rules to govern tight croquet, there are many unwritten rules. There are safety, drive, quarter, glance, jump and foul shots, and numerous other plays that would astonish a player of the game. As a rule the player that wins in tight croquet is not the one that can make the best shots, but the one with the longest head, who, like an able general, can maneuver his men and use strategy. The game has developed into one of science. It is more like a four ball game of billiards on a table 42x84 feet than like a game of croquet.

If a player in loose croquet makes two wickets with one stroke, or roquets a ball, he is allowed two shots. In the tight game only one shot is allowed in such case. When you roquet a ball in the tight game you may waive the ball and take one shot from where your own ball lies, or you must croquet the roqueted ball. This may be accomplished by the player placing his own ball in contact with the roqueted ball, holding his foot firmly on his own ball, and striking it a single blow with the mallet, thereby driving the ball in contact a greater or less distance,

at his pleasure, and then with one stroke play for his wicket, position or another ball.

Devotees of the game, and their number is constantly increasing, declare that persons with weak lungs who play two or three games a day in the bright sunlight derive more benefit from the game than from any other exercise. Those troubled with dyspepsia find great relief, for while playing three or four games they have unconsciously walked five or six miles.

The finest players of the tight game in New York are members of the Union Croquet club, while the crack players in Brooklyn belong to the Brooklyn Croquet association of Prospect Park. Included in the membership of both clubs are many leading business and professional men.—*New York Journal.*

STREET CAR RULES.

1st—On boarding a car do not go to the front end, as there is always plenty of room on the back platform.

2nd—If you are a big fat cuss, don't under any circumstances take a seat, even if a few are vacant.

3rd—While standing, lean over and "chin" some friend, for in so doing you can, with your "hind-sight," see that you are not inconveniencing others.

4th—A fifty-year, three hundred pounder should always give his seat to a sixteen-year, ninety pound Miss, even if in standing he entirely blocks the aisle.

5th—As soon as the car stops, jump on quickly, before anyone can possibly get off. It is really best to jump on before the car stops, as this gives you an opportunity of backing off so as to enable passengers to get out.

6th—Always push the button two or three blocks before you wish to get off. The conductor will then be sure to know just where you expect to alight. If he don't, give him hades.

7th—Never mind asking for "transfers." It's the darn-fool conductor's business to know what you want, while you dream, sleep or chew gum.

8th—If you intend getting off at 18th street, be sure to get up and stand on the car step at 12th street. You own the whole car and it is nothing to you if anybody else desires to comfortably get on or off.

9th—Always wait until the car is at a standstill before you show any intention of getting off. Be particular to move slowly and apologize as you pass through the car. It is expected of you.

10th—A little "dab" of society news or family gossip judiciously dispensed at the last moment will be appreciated and will assist the conductor in keeping his car on schedule time.

11th—If a "lady" spreads herself all over a whole seat, it is not good form to politely ask her pardon and take your seat. It is more commendable to hang to a strap and make it pleasant for those passing through the aisle.

12th—Five-dollar bills are most desirable in paying your fare. Every conductor carries \$125.00 in small change. Never have your fare ready, as the conductor rarely collects, and besides you are the "only pebble" on the car who really pays. F. A. R.

Kayserzinn just received, in great variety, both useful and ornamental. See display in our north window. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

"PUT ME OFF AT BUFFALO"

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